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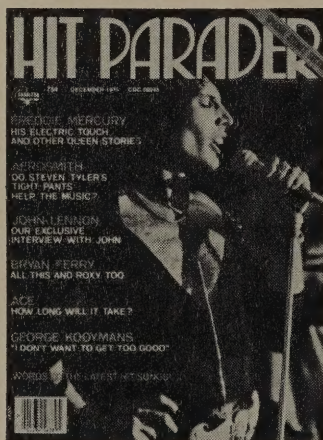
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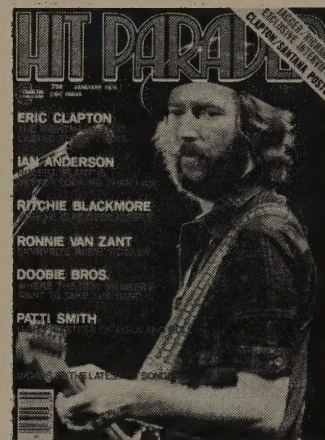
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Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . .

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

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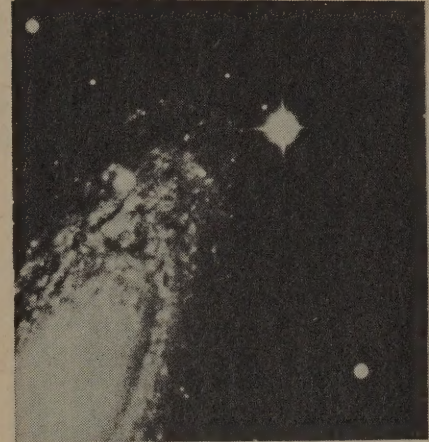
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Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of

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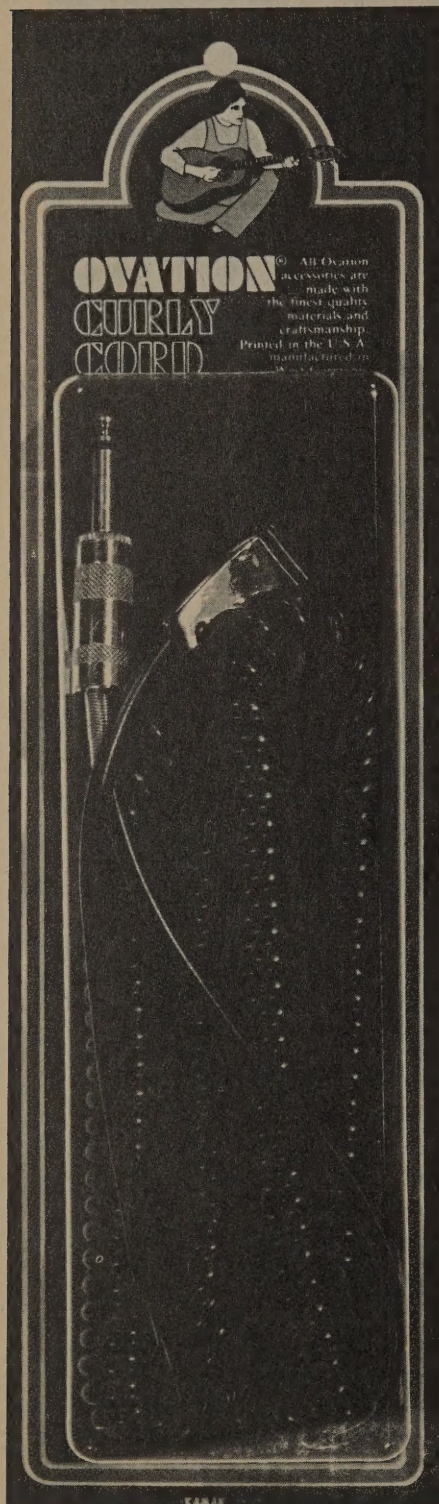
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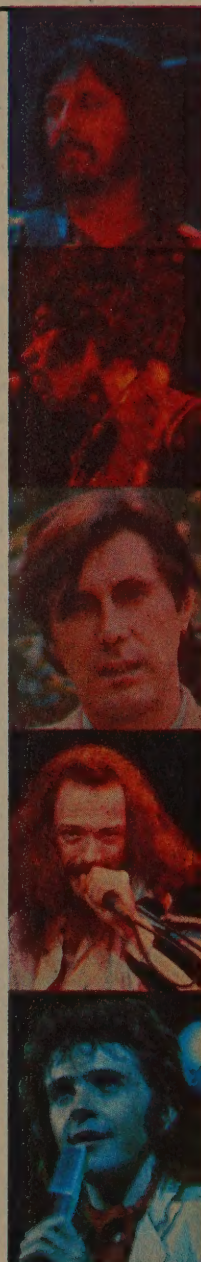
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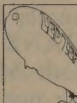
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A black and white photograph of Neil Young sitting on a couch, holding a guitar. He is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants. The background is dark and indistinct.

5

WE READ YOUR MAIL

Right On

Dear Ms. Robinson:

After your fabulous article in *Hit Parader*, I simply felt that I had to write and thank you for all the weird/lovely things said about John Cale. John is, as you said, quite a character, and it really is nice to have someone so insane out on the olde concert hall route, but Americans simply have to content themselves with his record albums, right? There-in lies John's problem; his records are fantastic to the initiated, but first-timers generally think that Cale sucks! I have even heard one moron say that "Fear" (the track) sounds like a Marc Bolan outtake! My god, one can't possibly reply to such stupidity, right? One can always, however, meet said idiot in a dark alley, and beat him brutally about the face and neck, but that lacks style. Perhaps if one used a velvet-encrusted truncheon?

Enough of that, I wrote to thank you for the rambling, surreal, tremendous article. No other reason. Cale deserves a whole magazine to himself, but until true genius is recognized as such, your columns alone may suffice; at least your columns are worth reading; no passing mealish-thoughts from you. Your columns really do remind me of John Cale's music: CRAZED! Beautiful! Look, if you, all by yourself, can write articles that read like a Ken Highland/Metal Mike Saunders review, then you've really got something going!

In your next column, or whatever, on Cale, please mention the fact that "Heartbreak Hotel/Dirtyass Rock and Roll" is his new single; urge everyone to besiege their local record shops for it; scream at Island Records (the biggest shuck of the year! They have yet to make any effort to promote ANY of their acts; if Cale was on RCA or Casablanca Records, he'd have gotten a RIAA-certified gold album for "Fear" or "Slow Dazzle" at the very least!); and threaten the lives of the radio-jocks in their town

if they don't play some John Cale. Preferably "Gideon's Bible." Or "Mr. Wilson."

Oh well, enough of all this. Here it is, three o'clock. AM, and I'm still rambling on, probably making no sense whatsoever. But that's alright, insanity is the spark of life. Again, THANK YOU for all the niceties about Mr. Cale/Wilson. He's not god, not yet, but he sure is getting there, and if reviewers such as ourselves continue plugging him (since his record company is too ignorant to do so properly,) maybe he'll have a bit of an easier going, eh? God knows that I am unable to think of anyone more deserving, and think of the limits of pop music John could break once he got there!

On such a lovely thought, I take my leave.

Best wishes,
An undercover Sigmund Freud
(hah!)
Chris P. Nugent
editor SHATTERED VIOLINS

Bowie/Bacall Feud?

Dear Hit Parader,

John Mendelsohn's article on the History of British Rock in your November, 1975 issue made me go through the ceiling I was so mad. First off I have nothing against David Bowie. I think he's a great musician and writer. It's Mendelsohn who irked me by not once but twice saying that Bowie resembled Lauren Bacall. Even the fact that he said that he looked like a mutant Lauren Bacall, in the first mention, is still I think a direct slap in the face to her. And he didn't even use "mutant" in the second mention. I think Lauren Bacall is and always was an extremely attractive woman and to compare Bowie to her in any way, shape or form is completely unforgivable. I'm sure he'll come up with some cute explanation about how he didn't mean to compare them but even if he did

he had no business even using her name in that kind of article. He showed me he had no class long ago by the way he reviewed groups such as the Kinks (not in your magazine) but now he has really proved he has no class. He could have just said, "Dave - in his most ludicrous drag" or "...the general appearance of a mutant!" I would really like to give Mendelsohn a good punch in the nose for Betty. (Lauren's real name). Believe me I don't usually write letters like this unless I care and I really do like your magazine a lot. But please get rid of Mr. Mendelsohn.

Ed Fritz
La Verne, California

Dear Ed, - Funny we received a letter from Betty saying how flattered she was by the comparison. — Ed.

Elton Errata

Dear Editor;

I turned in to see my "Main Man" Elton John on the Rock Awards show, and he was super! So was everyone else, but who is Bernie Taupin? Why did Elton Kiss him? Are they brothers? I heard Elton John isn't Elton's real name. Could it possibly be Elton Taupin? I have all 3 of Elton's albums, "Greatest Hits" and "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road". He has so many great songs, he should put out more albums. I just love Elton's long blond hair and the way he plays the guitar but on television he had short brown hair, does he wear a wig?

Love,
Lee-Birache

P.S. I saw Tommy 3 times and I love Tommy Daltrey, and Eric Clapton was great as the Pinball Wizard. Oh yeah? Does Tommy Daltrey sing with a group?

Dear Lee-

You're kidding of course. Bernie Taupin is the lead singer of The Who, and Tommy Daltrey writes the lyrics to Elton's songs. Or did we get that wrong. It's Ken Russell who writes the lyrics to The Who's songs and Bernie soon can be seen in "Lisztomania" and...□

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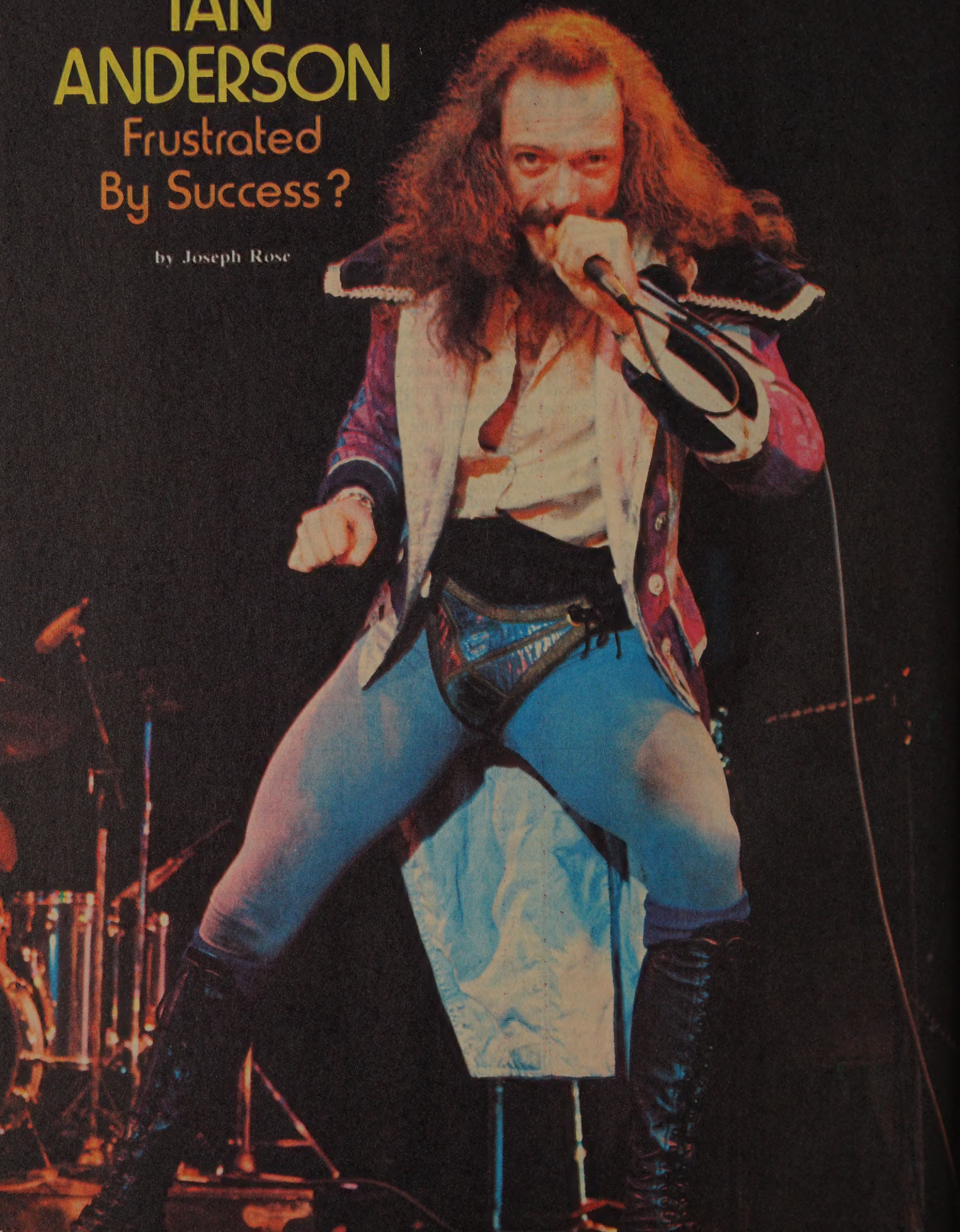
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IAN ANDERSON

Frustrated
By Success?

by Joseph Rose



Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull is one of the most successful musicians in rock and roll, but does that make him happy? Not really. He often wishes he were a poor, unrecognized musician, because then he would have the musical freedom to go in whatever direction his emotions took him, without a thought to what people might think.

He certainly doesn't look very happy sitting in his suite at the Beverly Wilshire in Los Angeles sipping a cup of coffee and telling about his musical past and present. One reason, of course, might have been the previous night's concert, which didn't go off as well as he would have liked, although you couldn't tell it by the wild audience reaction.

When did he first become involved with music? we asked him.

"It was around the time that I left school. During the period I was at art school I realized that I could learn — or that I had the option to learn — discipline, as applied to any creative process. It was up to me to learn it.

"Nobody can teach you how to paint, you know, or how to draw. Nobody can teach you about color or line or form or tone, and nobody can teach you to play music. They can teach you to make the noises at the right pitch and for the right duration, and they can teach you to produce a semblance of tone. But they can't teach you actually to play music, not in terms of music as a celebration, as an expression of life. No one can teach you that.

"That's something you have to teach yourself, by looking out of taxicab windows and standing in the rain. By waking up in the morning and saying, 'Why the hell was I so bad last night on stage.' That's why I'm still learning. That's why I still talk about giving up. Because if I don't talk about that there's something wrong. Unless I'm prepared to give it up, I can't be prepared to go on."

Coming to music at a relatively late age for a professional musician, Ian brought to his new career only the background of years of radio-listening. "I suppose I was influenced by whatever I heard on the radio from the ages of 7 to 17," he says, "or whenever it was I started to write tunes. I think the only really clear-cut influence I had was the apparent simplicity, musically speaking, of Negro blues and, to some extent, the more popular big-band kind of numbers — Glenn Miller and that kind of thing — that I remember my father playing.

"I had no awareness or tolerance for classical music or folk music or anything of that sort, which really are the roots of our music. I mean they're the roots of my music now, oddly enough, because I've come to realize the importance of the indigenous music of my particular part of the world.

"That is and will be what I am, you see: the traditional music forms, not Negro blues anymore. That's something peculiarly African and Southern states American. I have to deny now to myself the importance of anything that



originates from the United States, you see.

"And I also have to attempt to recognize the extent to which I'm moved or manipulated by whatever it is that's come out of Western Europe since music began as we know it. So now I would say I'm a British musician. But I also now recognize classical music when I hear it. I consider myself much closer emotionally and experience-wise to the Beethovens and the Tchaikovskys and the Chopins and even the Debussys, than to Muddy Waters or Howlin' Wolf or any of those guys, whom I still love. Most of all J.B. Lenoir, who died a few years ago, who was positively the finest."

As he mentions the name of the obscure bluesman, Ian's eyes light up. It's apparent that Lenoir made quite an impression on him, because he now goes into a long reverie, spoken more to himself than to the interviewer facing him:

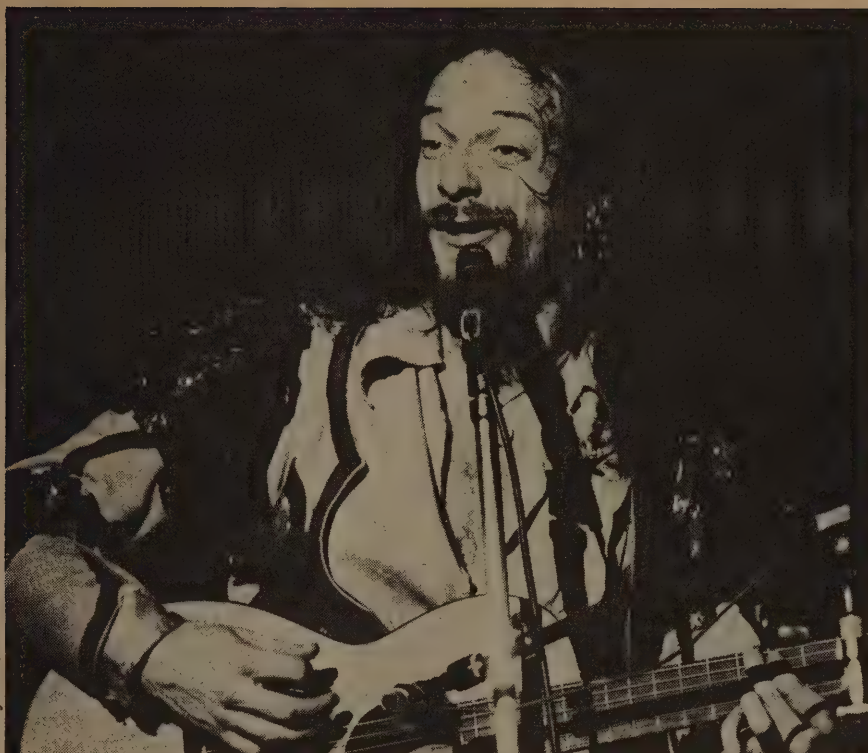
"He played a little Epiphone acoustic guitar, rather — I couldn't say badly, but very simplistically. But he had a beautiful voice. I saw him once in England just before he died. He was a tremendous singer.

"If there's anything like a hundred per cent pure emotion and sincerity, then it came from that guy, because he never made a penny in his life. He hardly even made any records. What he did was totally untainted by anything remotely resembling success." Ian is sounding positively envious of his penniless hero at this point, and his feelings seem to get even stronger as he goes on.



"He had none of the problems that I would have if I wanted to sing music in that kind of a way and claim total responsibility for my emotional sincerity, which I can't do because of all the trappings of sitting here in the Beverly Wilshire. I have to admit that a certain percentage of what I do is actually living a lie. He didn't have to do that, so he could put everything into one distinct and narrow channel.

"Unfortunately nobody really recognized him before or, seemingly, since his death. But he was a beautiful singer and a beautiful player. To me he really said everything there was to be said about that kind of music. It was the pure plea, the desperate cry, not for self-pity, but in a proud, human way.



Ian often wishes he were a poor, unrecognized musician ... and not have to worry what people thought...

"If he'd been an Englishman, he would have built bridges where nobody else would have built them. Or he would have invented steam engines that would have gone faster than everybody else but would have blown up. Or he would have invented racing cars before they had tires strong enough to stand the speed and whatever.

"He was a proud and pure voice, and desperate with it. Desperate — that's the thing. Because it's clearly desperate. But I mean, apart from that, which I can only listen to, I can't participate. Because I'm not that desperate anymore. I never have been. I only starved for a fortnight. That's all I did. People talk about paying their dues, but I only starved for a fortnight."

This extremely short period of dues-paying came when the band was just starting out. "Four of us were together in a group when we were at art school, which was called the John Evan Band, because we had to call it that. John's mother gave us the money to buy a Hammond organ and a van. We had to call it the John Evan Band because we couldn't afford to pay her back. So she had some very limited glory, as opposed to financial reimbursement.

"Then when I was about 19 or 20, we decided to go down to London and try to be professional. We all went down there, but the other guys left after a week. They just couldn't take it. "They had parent problems and whatever. You know — the problems of insecurity at a time when other young guys are working and have money to spend on cigarettes and drink and women. They had no money. They just owed money. So they went back and kind of all went to school again, and a couple of them just went to work.

"And then Jethro Tull was formed very late in '67. Around December. It wasn't called Jethro Tull. We didn't even have a name. We played about an average of once or twice a week for a couple of months that winter, which was very bleak. I very nearly went back as well — to my parents — and thought every day about getting a job.

"But it was only a couple of months. And a couple of weeks of that time I was actually hungry and cold and very lost. Because the other guys in the band at that time were from London and lived with their parents. I was the only one who was actually on my own."

Then, of course, the band began to catch on, and it got a recording contract and started touring. The first tour of America was a total disaster, Ian recalls.

"But then we became a support group for Led Zeppelin (this was way back before Zep started playing 2½-hour shows), and on one tour in the summer of '68 we were able to play to big crowds and were able to present ourselves as a sort of 40-minute phenomenon." (His laughter interrupts him.) "You know, flute player on one leg and looking a bit tatty and whatever. And people liked that."

Ian Anderson is not prone to making understatements, but he certainly succumbed with his last words. And Jethro Tull succumbed to success the same way. The way things look now, it's doubtful whether Ian will ever be able to break through his bonds of wealth and popularity to get down and play the kind of uncommercialized music that he so admires. His stardom has brought him much, but it has cost him something, too. □

(continued on page 64)

SPEED KILLS

THE MOST LETHAL REQ'YET.
ON EPIC RECORDS.

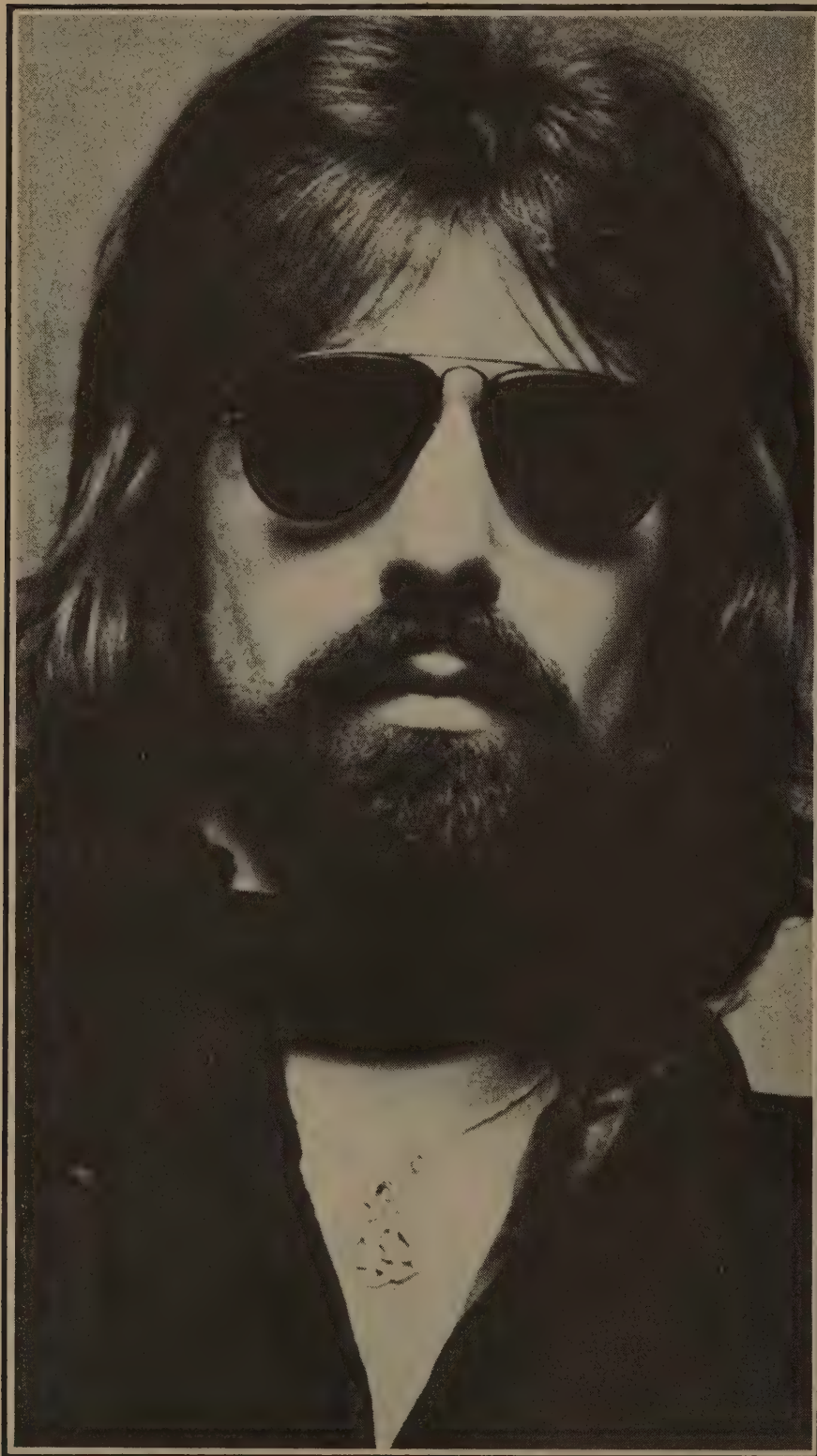


PETER WOLF

Defends The J. Geil's Band

(not that I think he really has to)

by Lisa Robinson



"Listen, what would you do in my place?" Peter Wolf asked me seriously as we had drinks in a small, dark restaurant near his record company. "There's this guy around who's impersonating me ... really, he looks just like me, and all my friends tell me things like they ran into me and I snubbed them or something, and it just ain't true. It was this guy who looks just like me..." Oh come on, Peter... "No really ... Donald Lyons said he saw me at a screening and talked to me for a half hour, I never was at that screening. Renee Ricard asked me why I snubbed him at a party in Malibu ... I never was at that party in Malibu ... I really don't know what to do," he said, perfectly straight-faced.

Ummmm, yes. Well, moving along to subjects like music, the J. Geils' band, "Hotline" LP, your hopes, plans dreams and ambitions, Peter ... "This is so boring," the record company executive laughed madly, "Do you know I *never* have sat in on an interview before, and I never will again. *I'm* too much of a star myself to sit here and listen to other people talk about themselves ... what am I?, chopped liver???"

What does any of this have to do with Peter Wolf, lead singer, composer and performer ... You might well ask. Well, getting together with Wolf for a "serious" discussion about his band and their music is not easy. *In between* various ethnic impersonations, repartee with the waiters (May I have some Sanka?, You're welcome..) and elaborate removal of rubber *galoshes*: ("Listen, stop laughing, my mother always told me to protect myself. And there's alotta disease out there ... hahaha...") Peter is serious about the J. Geils' Band. And more than a bit perturbed about some of the criticism aimed toward them recently. But it takes a bit of prodding to get him to stop the "shtick", for the public Wolf is always *on*. Racing through the corridors of his record company handing out calling cards that read: "Reverend Pete and His Dancin' Feet!!" "Gain Control of your very soul..." and shouting, "It's the platter that matters" to not so astonished secretaries.

When he talks of the music, the sunglasses even come off and he says, "If we weren't happy with the latest album we wouldn't have put it out. The only LP we weren't happy with was "Full House" because we didn't think people would want to hear the same songs live. This lp, well, we wanted to do alot of the songs we did in the old days when we played in bars and cabarets when we played with people like Muddy Waters and John Lee Hooker. We did those songs in lounges with a certain kind of intensity, and we just decided to go back to some of those ... like "Loveitis" and old Impressions songs. So what we did was go a step backward to go two steps forward, and we used the studio very little. Really, just very rough, like a few takes."

"People dropped by and played with us too, but so as not to get into any confusion with record companies, we didn't

list them." Who? "Oh, you know ... big solo artists, but we just decided to leave it as a jamming thing rather than to infringe on them. Of course we did have Juke Joint Jimmy with us again..." Come on, is this a real person?? "Yes he is, he's a person who came from Alabama and is living in Boston. He's like someone who's not that well known, but we know him. He's not on the charts but he's dear to our hearts..."

Discussing what Peter feels is an essential problem faced by the band, he said that it's hard being an American band. "You know we work alot, and we like to work alot and we're not your English band who comes over and works for two solid months and then goes away. We're around alot, and it's hard to create excitement for an American band."

"The big bands really are Elton, the Stones, Zeppelin ... the ones who can come here and tour and then go away. And when they do come in, it's special. You know, Yes comes over, and they're only here for a certain amount of time. I think critics have missed what J.Geils is trying to do. People called us the Bad Boys from Boston - we never said we were any bad boys from Boston. People labeled us the American Rolling Stones, and we never said that. I mean there is no such thing as the American Rolling Stones, the Rolling Stones are the Rolling Stones. Then they said we were a blues band, and we never felt that way about us, the same thing with heavy metal. I mean we are all of those things ... but we don't think of ourselves as trying to exploit any particular trend in music. We did "Give it To Me", which is a reggae tune, way before anyone else did reggae..."

"But people get overlooked in the J.Geils' band because writers decide what they should be. It's like in Hollywood saying that so and so would be the next Marilyn Monroe, there ain't gonna be a next Marilyn Monroe, just like there won't be a new Dylan. Bruce Springsteen isn't a new Dylan, he's Bruce Springsteen, and The J. Geils' Band is never gonna be other than the J. Geils' Band."

"What we do," he continued, "we have a show that is intense, we believe in getting out there and doing it our way, hitting hard and we have a certain kind of style. I think we'll grow and develop, but we literally feel as if we've just begun. People say, 'man - aren't you guys tired of touring, of the whole thing' and we ain't tired because we're just learning. We played with the Rolling Stones and it was exciting to us, it was an exciting rock event. And people say, 'J. Geils ... you keep playing the same stuff all the time, don't you get tired of it?' but you know, we've done sets where we lay totally new things and the audience keeps screaming for blah - blah - blah. You saw it with the Stones - they could have just done "Goats Head Soup" or "It's Only Rock & Roll" but they would have bombed because the kids want to hear "Gimme Shelter", or "You Can't Always Get What You Want". They want to hear the hits, the songs they know."

"So, as entertainers, there are certain things that people want and you have to give it to them. We enjoy giving it to them — we play for our audience. We try not to sacrifice anything or sell ourselves short - we play to our audience."

I wondered if the band had ever contemplated breaking up ... "Well, sometimes the guys in the band, myself included, get discouraged because we feel we go out and do a show, the crowd goes crazy, the encores are there, the response is great — and then we get a writeup like, 'well, went to see J.Geils', same old thing.' And in a sense those things do - and don't matter. I want people to read about us ... those who know how. Of course those who know how to write about it are almost extinct by now. I'll give you an example," Peter says, citing a recent review of Geils' Central Park concert in a New York newspaper. "We sold out in Central Park ... no big deal, but what happened was that the band that went on before us was booed, I mean they were literally not allowed to play. Everyone was screaming, and it was unfortunate because it was a good band, but it was a kind of rowdy crowd. It starts raining, and I don't mean raining, I mean it poured like a typhoon and I was positive the show was going to be cancelled and I was already calling the rest of the guys to tell them to stay in the hotel. Then I get a call that says the Police Commissioner is there and the kids won't leave unless you come down, and if you don't come down there's gonna be a riot."

"And kids were standing in 2 feet of water and they were pretty damn well receptive ... they were wet, cold, and nobody left. Those kids weren't standing there wet for three encores because they were having a bad time, they enjoyed themselves. But this critic ... well, he doesn't mention that the kids enjoyed themselves, doesn't even mention the circumstances, didn't even talk about what happened. I don't mind criticism if it's constructive, but this was pretty one-sided, as if he'd made his mind up already — and I don't think that's good journalism."

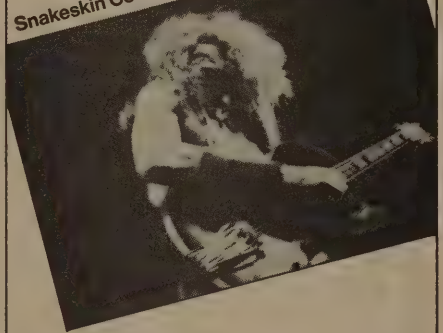
"You know," Peter said thoughtfully, "I've learned that there is this need to build someone up, praise a new artist, and that need to help or re-inforce is only equalled by the need to tear them down. And with most of the rock press ... well, as long as you're the underdog, you're fine."

"What the rock press would like is for a band to record a certain number of records, then perish in an airplane crash. But ... moving along to brighter subjects ... cerebral palsy ..."

Peter put his galoshes back on as it was still raining when we left the restaurant. He was on his way to meet wife Faye for the screening of her film, "Three Days of the Condor". I wondered if marriage to a Hollywood star had changed his life, particularly in relation to this band. "It hasn't affected me in relation to this band at all," Peter said, as he put his sunglasses back on, "I mean just because Georgie Jessel and I are spending all these late nights together is no reason for anyone to talk..." □

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Ida S. Langsam

"...‘Lofgren’ stayed on my turntable while the test pressing of ‘Born To Run’ stayed put in it’s ‘collector’s item’ sleeve”.

NILS LOFGREN

Young And Grinning

by James Spina

14

"You better be good tonight." (From the song of the same name, almost)

The edge of hope - or - hell anticipation was raising yelps from my newly ulcerated stomach. With Grin now a recorded legacy, Nils Lofgren is off on a new and solo foot. The three week prelude to his New York tour (first The Bottom Line and then a Memorial Day weekend at My Father's Place) was a

daily diet of his new solo effort, "Nils Lofgren" (A&M), at a time when I was supposed to be suffering Springsteen fever. Bruce S. Was being hailed as the critic's choice for rock salvation but the twelve songs on "Lofgren" stayed on my turntable while the test pressing of "Born To Run" stayed put in its 'collectors item' sleeve. The silence that had set in at my rock column for WWD (a case of despair over the mishmash Kirshner Awards Show) had been broken by a lengthy rave of Nils. Spina said "This boy is surely a rimshot away from stardom." What if he fouled live?

The audience was 100% Grinning as Nils and new men took the stage at The Bottom Line. Jitters remained because an ingredient contributing to the success of the album was missing. On record Nils had the aid of star session players Aynsley Dunbar (drums) and Wornell Jones (bass) to spark his voice / songwriting / keyboard / guitar playing to incredible heights. Nils is a self proclaimed believer in the power of band vs. solo status. "I'm a bundle of energy but it takes the right band to pull it in a positive direction." Both session stars were unavailable. The only familiar holdover from late-Grin daze was brother Tom Lofgren on guitar and backup vocals.

Even before the first note, Nils had his influences out front as support in the form of multi-scarf regalia ala Keith Richard and Jimi Hendrix and a black oversized football jersey that hinted of a sinister, though younger, Neil Young persona. This night the short-star needed no musical heavies to pull out his best riffs. If the band was sloppy and volume - scared, Nils seemed untouched. Instead he drew on the energies of his fans. The bulk of the set was drawn from his solo effort. Most of the songs gave birth to embellished middles, rampant with Nils' highly personalized guitar style. His fingers seemed to point at the neck of the guitar as swells of slide guitar work branched off in every possible direction of the song's given chords.

Sorely missing a moment or two of that Lofgren classical guitar work (check out the basics of "Two by Two" for that gem) I was glad to see Lofgren wasn't about to neglect a show of his simple but purposeful piano work. How refreshing to experience a highly skilled keyboard player with no need or liking for synthesizers and other keyboresisms. "Going Back" (by Carole King but remembered best in The Byrds Tradition) works as the set's tension reliever. It is the only song on which Nils sits still. On most of the other piano - required numbers Nils jumps back and forth between instruments, often playing both at the same time (picture those old Beck days when a whole solo would be 'one handed' as the volume did the chording.) The longest guitar tec took place during a Nils' oldie "Moon Tears" and the most tender moments went to still another old-days number, "If I Were A Song."

The biggest crowd approval of the night came from Lofgren's musical letter to The Rolling Stones mainman...

"Keith Don't Go" (Ode To A Glimmer Twin)

"I just wanna meet him and play with him. All those stories about how wasted he is all day. Well there's no way he could keep making all those great records if it were all true. He doesn't need saving. Since I never got to talk to him I used a song to get my feelings on another musician out front. I'm not warning him about quitting The Stones. Just wanted to remind him about how great he is."

The song plays for some fiery seconds off the indelible chords to "Satisfaction." From there Nils takes it to Riff-Heaven with chords that would make Keith expose those new teeth in a grin of approval. With the sixties as a classroom and the likes of Professor Keith as master this is one punk who has all the licks down with honors.

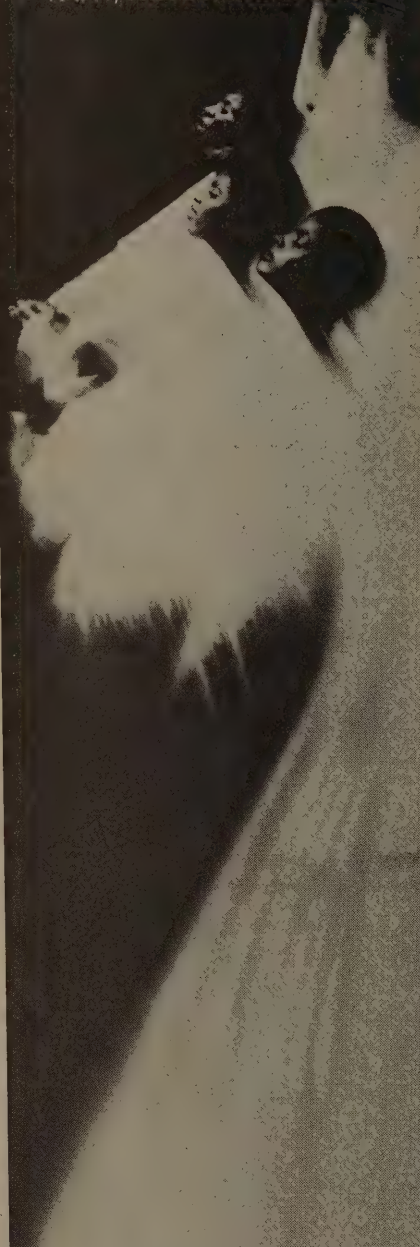
"I think I'm goin' back..."

The best background music for discussing Nils beginnings would be "Rusty Gun" from Grin's "All Out" LP. The main music of the entire song is that of a well-tortured accordion! It's all Nils. Dateline: Chicago's Southside. At the tender age of five Nils was presented with an accordion from ma and pa to fulfill the role of classically trained prodigy. Pop music didn't enter those jazz and classical ears til 1965. A slightly late exposure to the genius of The Beatles led our hero back to the earlier classics of Cuck Berry, Phil Spector, Buddy Holly and Hank Williams. "After listening to those giants I began to worry that all the great hooks and chord changes might already be all used up."

As alternative to the usual catalog of high school bands and unrecorded garage sessions, Nils' story has the entry of Rock 'n' Roll History at a very early and unique situation. Shortly following a family move to Maryland Nils came in contact with Neil Young. One story tells of this brash boy dazzling all concerned with shocking musical prowess. Nils' version fits the sometimes shy attitude of many of his love songs. Riding on the success of two previous solo efforts, Young was searching for fresh cohorts to shape his as yet mental masterpiece, "After The Goldrush." He wanted Lofgren, now thoroughly entrenched on the guitar as his main instrument, to ... play piano! Young was figuring on a classy accordion player's ability to bring invigoration to the shared ivories of a piano. In a matter of days Nils got his left hand accustomed to the key-tickling of his already accomplished right hand. The next shock was being told by Young to contribute background vocals. That command shoved confidence into the developing vocal style of Lofgren. In fact the tender - yet - hopeless, victimized platitude of "Goldrush" has deeply affected Nils present style of singing. The cracks work to drive home emotions of pain and frustration so evident in much of Nils songs. The playful punk - characteristics that occur during music-biz related songs ("Rock 'n' Roll Crook," "Keith Don't Go," "The Sun Hasn't Set On This Boy Yet" etc) also gave birth during those ses-

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"I just wanna meet him (Keith Richard) and play with him. All those stories about how wasted he is ... there's no way he could be making all those great records if it were all true."



Ira S. Langsam

sions so contingent on Studio comradeship.

An added plus between this writer and Lofgren comes from our identical attitudes towards the whole of Young's career.

" 'Tonight's The Night' is a mighty return to the power that let up after 'Goldrush.' For awhile there Neil fell into

an Eagles groove. Sweet but not Neil. This time the raunch has returned."

Lofgren Discography

Though only 22 years past the womb, Lofgren already has the seasoned credentials of a more than admirable legacy. the best part about this particular hero on the horizon is most of his past still being quite readily available at well stocked record

stores. The last few years have been inspirationally busy for the trampoline-punk that dazzled Neil Young with his stunning keyboard and guitar abilities.

The story so far...

GRIN "GRIN" (SPINDIZZY Z 30321) Years ahead of Springsteen with the black sneaker motet this initial effort had the kind of material that would make

most people think 'this punk has shot his whole load and there ain't never gonna be a follow-up'. Producer David Briggs was already involved in creating the clear and basic production essentials that would mark Nil's songs as ageless. Songs as catchy as their titles. "18 Face Lover." "Take you to The Movies Tonight." Birth of his shy-sly boy persona. Yeesh dedication to Roy Buchanan. Lousy occasional vocals by Bobs Gordan and Berberich. All mistakes forgiven after one listening to energized "See What Love Can Do."

GRIN "I+I" (SPINDIZZY Z 31038) Skillfully and daringly divided up into a 'Rockin Side' and a 'Dreamy Side' this LP contained Nil's classic stab at top forty fame, "White Lie". One would suppose that "Moon Tears" must be the writers favorite since it remains a vital part of his current live show. Even on record it offers the definitive peaks of Lofgren's guitar technique. Guest shot by Graham Nash prompted our boy to perform some of the most romantic and thoughtfully beautiful songs on record. Incredible orchestration bits make the soft side perfect for backseat / parents - are - out - sofa lust sessions. Briggs capable of being George Martin and Anrew Loog Oldham all wrapped up in one. **ELO FANS BE WARNED ...** This is real classical-rock.

Rarely have I witnessed anybody playing as if it was their God given duty to succeed. At the tender age of 22 Nils Lofgren had just demonstrated that his dues were payed up in full. He is not 'the next...' anybody. This player is as unique as his name. He is the main feeder off his own music. The task of recording and the time of touring are his lifeblood. The strange thing is that he is so good, so powerful and so different that he must be experienced. Keeping all to himself would be inner self-destruction.

Continued superlatives would only make him blush. Better to share that sound and listen. If you are new to Nils there is some catching up to do while the older cult-item fans sit back and wait to buy Nils' next break.

The success of "Lofgren" and his live performance at The Bottom Line gave me renewed confidence in Rock-Future but the Memorial Day weekend at My Father's Place was legend in the making. Put THAT show in the same book as Hendrix at Monterey, The Stones at Forest Hills, Led Zeppelin second billed to Iron Butterfly at The Fillmore East and the life and death of Gram Parson all rolled up into one.

"I Ain't No Rock And Roll Crook" (and here in Roslyn Long Island Lofgren presents proof)

The show was nearly three hours long. Enough to drive the aged out, mumbling about earaches and creepy drug freaks. Lofgren was carrying the weight and drink of twenty wasted Keiths and Jimis on his slight shoulders. The sound

problems were endless but Nils had all the music in the world to calm his nerves. A lousy set up screwed his attempts to play guitar and piano at the same time so Nils decided on interjecting a solo piano segment in the middle of the concert. Fragments of genius included the tribute of some Italian lullabye love songs dedicated to his grandmother, a vengeful version of "The In Crowd" tacked onto "Goin Back", a drunken yet controlled rendition of Hank Williams' "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry", and bits and pieces of various 'dreamy' songs from Grin days. And then there was the rock stuff!

Those extended guitar showcases became roaring novenas to Hendrix - Townshend - Richard. While stamping out the metal melodies on his guitar neck Nils would make these funny hypnotic motions with his Chording hand towards the audience. He didn't have to. The fans were mesmerized and conscious of the Moment being witnessed.

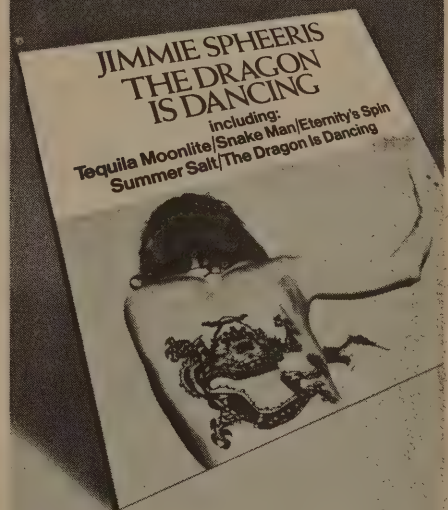
GRIN "ALL OUT" (SPINDIZZY KZ 31701) Casual first listenings might make this music sound incomplete and rushed (especially compared to the classy cover art — a wide Steeplechase smile that opens to reveal a toothless mouth). This one supposedly disappointed fans accustomed to Nil's previous concern for particulars. Experience of the grooves proved it a classic once again. "Sad Letter" sums up what is now a Nils standard. Frustrated beyond word and action? What better release than write a letter. Though this quick review space cannot go in for heavy quotes, this record contains the maximum on 'gee-i-wish-i said - that wordisms. Backup vocals by the infamous Kathy McDonald fill in like a 20-mule team hurricane of Staple Singers. Her screech works as the perfect foil to Nil's whine. Rhythm guitar and mini-nils vocals by Tom Lofgren, still a part of Nil's plans to razz the world.

GRIN "GONE CRAZY" (A&M SP4415) A change of labels but no shift in directions, this record is really an exaggerated version of Grin - as - group crumbling under the weight of a star destined for solodrom. Picture on the left of inside fold out has Nils looking EXACTLY like Keith Richard. Keith would be proud to call "You're The Weight" and a remake of his Crazy Horse "Beggars Day". Faltering backup most likely the result of a band, roadweary and pressed for too much material in too short a time. In answer to his own "What about Me?" Nils had the answer... "you're gonna see me more for sure".

And as the raw piano edge on Neil Young's "GOLDRUSH", the voice and pen on the finest songs off the first "CRAZY HORSE", guitar and spiritual adviser to Kathy McDonald "INSANE ASYLUM", one of the raved character's on Youngs "TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT" even called out by name before the start of a reckless guitar break and don't forget the perfect "NILS LOFGREN" (A&M SP4509). These the records of a kid who can scream 'check-mate' after every movie. □

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12/4-7 Boston, Mass.

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RECORDS

by Archie Goodwin

THE WHO BY NUMBERS

The Who
(MCA-2161)



Arriving with the harvest moon this fall was a veritable cornucopia of albums by some of the ripest music makers in rock. Chief among these, of course, was *The Who By Numbers* by the group most people generally accept as the second-best in the business (outshone only by the Rolling Stones and their constantly photographed lead singer). The Who hadn't made a simple collection of random songs available since *Who's Next* in 1971. Intervening have been *Quadrophenia*, the four cornered epic about Mod life a decade ago, and the various incarnations of *Tommy*.

The Who By Numbers, then, may come as something of a surprise to fans grown accustomed to lush studio-heaven soundtracks and brutally dynamic stage appearances. Many of Pete Townshend's songs embody the rebellious / romantic youthful themes one expects from the Who, but the musical arrangements and production give this album a lighter tone than one usually expects from the violent - historied group. A good example is the opening track, "Slip Kid," a pleasant Latinate shuffle. There's no mistaking the guff in Daltrey's words: "I'm a soldier at 13/There's no easy way to be free/Keep away old man, you won't fool me". But rather than complementing the lyrics with angry slash cords, Townshend couches his mes-

sage in one of his best melodies ever, a seemingly simple tune which develops with inventive imagination. "Slip Kid" also features a snappy guitar solo from the man who doesn't feature that side of his playing very often.

"However Much I Booze" is even more surprising. The West Coast sounding arrangement is more nifty than tough, but the oddest thing about the cut is Roger Daltrey's voice, so unusually smooth and gentle as to be quite unfamiliar, as Dylan's was the first time you heard *Nashville Skyline*. "Squeeze Box," with acoustic guitar / banjo backing, is light and catchy and revels in its naughtily suggestive lyrics: "Mama's got a squeeze box / Daddy never sleeps at night". "Dreaming From The Waist" is a more persistent rocker, with a pretty chorus drifting through minor key shifts, and "Imagine A Man" closes out the first side as an artsy, epic ballad.

John Entwistle's "Success Story" leads off side two, a song about making it in the music business, with some nice chord structures and wry lines like: "the big break better happen soon, 'cos I'm pushin' 21". "They Are All In Love" is another acoustic and piano ballad, and then comes "Blue, Red and Grey," which is probably the closest the Who have ever come to Noel Coward. It's a very composed, *designed* little set-piece about which part of the day is best, and Roger sings along accompanied only by a mandolin and some muted horns in the background.

In a more cynical vein is the serious, rather orchestral "How Many Friends," the unhappy portrait of a suspicious man who questions the quality of his friendships ("he's bein' so kind, what's the reason?"). The last cut, "In A Hand Or A Face," is a rougher, more lively track than those preceding it, but compare it to "I Can See For Miles" and it's a perfect example of how smooth even this album's punchiest cuts are. *The Who By Numbers* shows Pete Townshend leaning toward firm compositions - and away from braggadocio teen anthems.

SIREN

Roxy Music
(Atlantic)

Another contribution from across the Atlantic is the long - awaited fifth Roxy Music album, *Siren*. Songwriter Bryan Ferry has always

been known for putting out albums of remarkable originality, and the latest disc is probably their most wide-ranging yet. "Love Is The Drug" is a hypnotic disco-thumper in which our hero stakes his place in the singles bar to check out the pick-up action. "Love is the drug," Bryan



confesses, "and I need to score."

"End Of The Line" is a slow crooner with a virtuoso violin break from Eddie Jobson. Then "Sentimental Fool" drifts in over a waste-space landscape of synthesizer sound before spilling into a lush, long drawn-out romance. Bryan's vocal entrance is beautiful (and clever) as it slowly moves up front to lead a stately procession through an atmosphere reminiscent of *For Your Pleasure*. "Whirlwind," composed with Phil Manzanera, is their hard-charger, full of swirling guitars, and sound much like "Prairie Rose" of their last LP which Phil also composed.

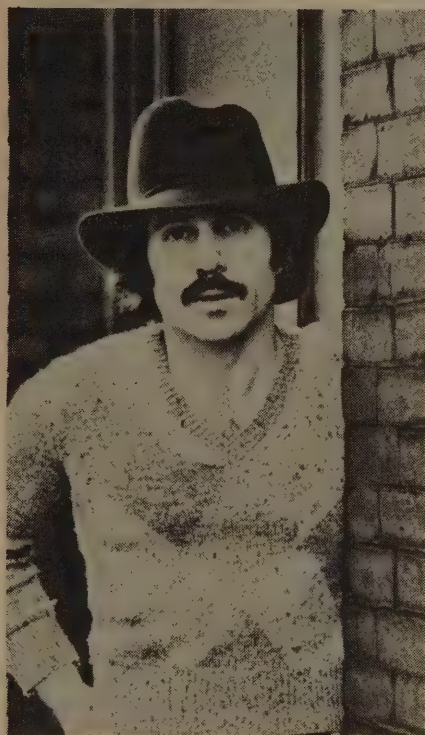
"She Sells," co-written with Eddie Jobson, is probably the song on the album most unique from Roxy's unpredictable tradition. It's a bounding melody, full of playful shifts of rhythm and calls to mind the good cheer of a vaudeville music hall. Then Ferry cuts back into the most straightforward love song in the collection, a gently rocking, wide-eyed sweetheart of uncharacteristic simplicity called "Could It Happen To Me." It's probably the most candid of Bryan's lyrics, confessing his romanticism as an average man and supported by a stunning Manzanera guitar break. "Just Another High" ties off the album neatly, responding to the opening number's plea for a fix of love by reflecting finally that "playing with love was just another high." Oh well, 'post coitum triste

RECORDS

est,' eh big fella? A swell album, direct, romantic and imaginative.

STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

Paul Simon (Columbia PC33450)



The season's prime American release has got to be Paul Simon's *Still Crazy After All These Years*. Overall, it's even quieter than his last album, which will probably cause boogie fans to give up on him. But the melodies are better than ever, and the calm, gentle, restful atmosphere he creates with his signature cushioned-bass sound is among the most nourishing on vinyl — this is adult music. Hopefully more and more people are beginning to notice that the clarity and modest tone of his songs' production quality help his numbers yield their secrets better than songs by folks who yell a lot louder into the microphone.

For the record: Mike Brecker has a lovely sax solo on the title cut. Art Garfunkel's vocal harmonies are a treat on "My Little Town" — strange to hear the pair making familiar harmonies within Simon's modernized structures. This one's a jaunty toe-tapper that builds gradually. It's as good a show-case for Simon's talents as there is, very musically adventurous and agile, and hitting notes all

over the scale with ease. "I Do It For Your Love" is comfortable, rainy, jazzy and domestic sounding. "50 Ways To Leave Your Lover" is light and wry. The nostalgic "Night Game" features a great harmonica break from Toots Thielmans. "Gone At Last" is a celebratory gospel number with, of course, the Jesse Dixon Singers. "Some Folks' Lives Roll Easy" is a very slow, club closing song.

ARTFUL DODGER

Artful Dodger
(Columbia PC 33811)

Two brand new, and more promising, groups are *Artful Dodger* and *Backstreet Crawler*. The Dodgers are unabashedly Beatle-influenced, and these guys are obviously talented songwriters. "Think Think" is a terrific socko-tough, chord-choked single with sneering vocals, and has that vital mixture of the Who and the Beatles first perfected by people like Raspberries. "It's Over" opens with ominous, Indian-war party - stalking - through-woods chords, then instantly wimps out, and then belatedly comes back as a beautiful song hamstrung in a horribly silly, confused sounding kitchen - sink arrangement. Nevertheless, it's a good showcase for Billy Paliselli's passion-raw voice. Artful Dodger makes a highly listenable mix of pretty-boy music with balls. Don't overlook them and watch for the next.

THE BAND PLAYS ON

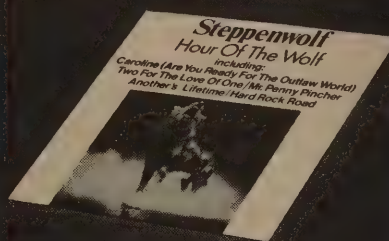
Backstreet Crawler
(ATCO SD 36-125)

Backstreet Crawler is a new band hyped around guitarist Paul Kossoff, formerly with Free before Paul Rodgers and Simon Kirke left to form Bad Co. It's inevitable, then, that *The Band Plays On*, Crawler's encouraging debut album be compared to Bad Co., and they do indeed sound like first cousins to the Swan Song princes, though possibly more musically imaginative, and less complacent. They mix powerful, soulful ballads with lively, gutsy rockers — rocksteady rhythms with bluesy guitar lines — lending, as Bad Co. does, new life to old formulas. With the help of a single or two they could become huge. □

The Hour Of The Wolf Is Upon You.

All the splendid savagery of Steppenwolf. On a brand-new album full of some of the wildest, fiercest rock & roll ever played, as only Steppenwolf knows how to play it. (Just like on their current tour.)

"Hour of the Wolf." Steppenwolf. In full cry on Epic Records and Tapes.



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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

By Lisa Robinson



Neal Preston

Bob Dylan onstage last year with The Band. This year he might go back on the road without them.

Bob Dylan just may want to go back out on the road again. While his 1974 tour was hailed as a rare, and one time glimpse of the folk-rock hero, Dylan's visibility has been on the rise lately. He's jammed with friend in Malibu and in Greenwich Village, helped out on Kokomo's lp as well as recorded his

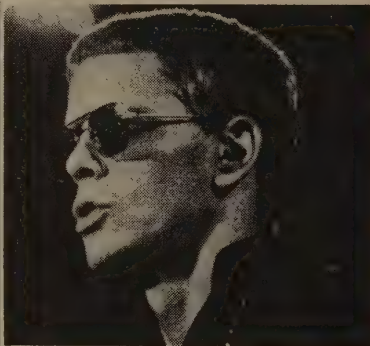
own, and performed in tribute to John Hammond at a TV taping in Chicago.

Dylan has still maintained a certain sense of reclusivity; he turned down a Timex-sponsored TV special that guaranteed him total control ... when it came time for him to sign the papers he balked. And, all rumors that he'd be back on the concert stage again since 1974 fell through.

But he has been talking of going back out seriously this time, and as we go to press he was considering a two-week East Coast tour late fall. He also wants his forthcoming album released before the first of the year, although CBS Records says it won't be possible. In the planning stages as well is a film project of some sort based on the Dylan-song, "Lily Rosemary and the Queen of Hearts". We apparently still have a lot to hear from Bob Dylan....

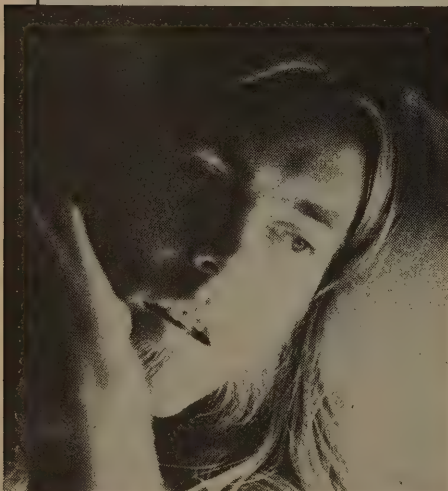
Lou Reed wanted to publicly, and personally apologize to his fans for the mess that was "Metal Machine Music". "In this, the best of all possible worlds," says Lou, "it was ill-timed and misrepresented, and I apologize for that and hope that my new album, 'Coney Island Baby' - can make up for any difficulties and disappointments that 'Metal Machine Music' has caused."

"Coney Island", which Lou is currently recording, is "The Kings' Highway, Brooklyn, Long Beach, Long Island, axis reaction to 'Metal Machine Music'," says Lou. "It's music to drink in a Blarneystone by." Indeed.



Lou says he's sorry for "MMM".

Greg calls Cher every night



Neal Preston

Did you know that Gregg Allman owns thirty-one pairs of boots, wears a diamond initial ring over a turquoise ring (Cher gave him the diamond), manicures his own nails with clear nail polish and calls Cher every night around 2 A.M. when he's on the road. Just thought you'd like to know. Oh, and he and Cher have moved out of their Tony - Curtis - Beverly Hills mansion and moved into another L.A. home. Gregg also rumored to have sold his house in Macon, Georgia as well.

Led Zeppelin have been staying at the Continental Hyatt House on Sunset Strip; obviously they got tired of going back and forth from rehearsals in Hollywood to Malibu where they rented several houses. While at presstime they hadn't actually started to record yet, they definitely had their equipment with them and were working out new material. Although one never knows with Zeppelin, it is hoped that they will have an album out sometime this year, and depending on how Robert's foot is when the cast comes off — Zep could possibly tour as early as around the New Year. The Rose Bowl date on January 24th is still held, and the band just might do an eight week series of concerts.

Rick Wakeman on "Lisztomania": "I would promote the film because I think it's very good. But it's hard for me to be objective about it since I worked on it for so long. Basically I was in charge of looking after the music for it — adapting some of Wagner and Liszt's music. I know that some people think parts of the film are good and parts are ghastly. But I'll stick up for it."

"But as far as my concerts go," Rick continued, "this was a tour for me to play my music. It'll be bits from my three albums, slightly re-adapted, but a straight rock and roll show." Well ... Rick didn't keep his word at Madison Square Garden at least, where he *did* play some of the "Lisztomania" music and allowed some film clips to be shown during the concert. However, that may have been for New York only — and the rest of the country got to see a rock and roll show.



Rick Wakeman sticks up for "Lisztomania"...

Putland

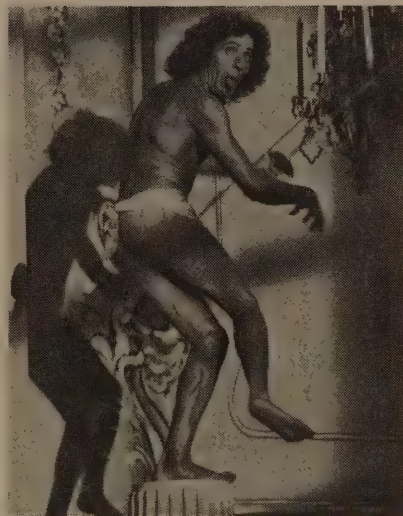
Simon and Garfunkel are *not* reunited. They're just good friends and like to work together occasionally. Columbia Records released both their singles at the same time, took full page ads in trade magazines side by side, and Art has been showing up as a guest on both Paul's TV show and his concert tour. That's all though, otherwise their careers are totally separate.



Simon and Garfunkel, separate but equal..?

Mayor Pete Wagner of Cadillac, Michigan told me, "I'd do almost anything to bring about a better relationship between the young people and the adults," and he did almost that when he put on Kiss makeup during the recent Homecoming Weekend in that town. "I know the group gets all painted up," the Mayor told me, "and I don't mind having some of it slapped on me. Maybe with me it would be an improvement!"

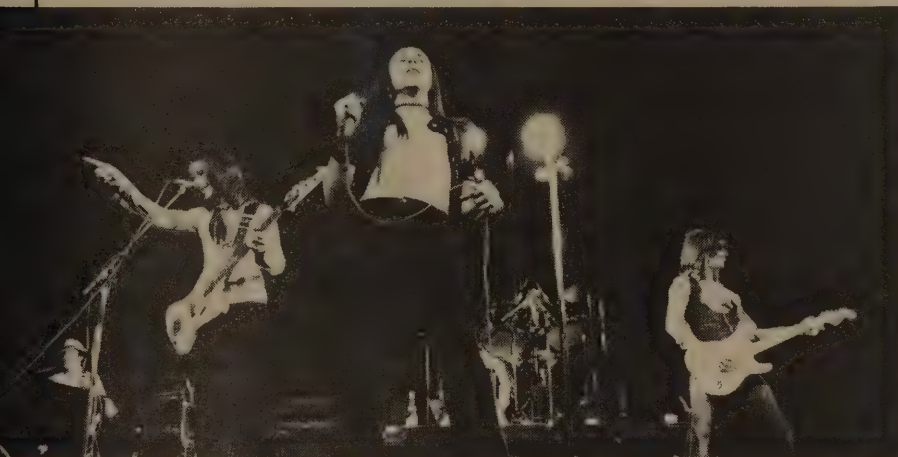
The incredible idea to have all 1500 students and faculty paint up ala Kiss was conceived by football coach Dave Brines who told me, "We like to have fun, so we play rock music before and after the games to lift everyone's spirits." Brines has even gone so far as to have autographed Kiss posters hanging in the locker rooms. This - from a conservative, resort community that still imposes a "haircut" rule for its athletes...



"Liszt" star Roger Daltrey. My sentiments exactly.

I saw "Lisztomania" and lived to tell the tale. When the ads say it out-Tommys "Tommy", they're not kidding. Every technical excess known to man has been employed in this thing ... and one wonders just how much Liszt and Wagner are turning over. Our "Liszt" rockstars do okay ... Roger Daltrey is best when he doesn't have to "act" too much and can just be the popstar, Ringo Starr is cute as The Pope with the Liverpool accent, and Rick Wakeman was never lovelier as a beer-drinking, burping, Thor Robot.

It seems there's no end to Ken Russell's imagination, however. Now one hears he wants Neil Diamond for the role of Gershwin, and David Bowie for Valentino in a Russellized version. La Bowie, not a big Russell fan is considering the offer only ever so slightly.



The new Mott - no lost love for Mick Ronson

I saw the new Mott in London, at Aylesbury. Aylesbury Friars Club to be exact, which coincidentally - was the

first place I ever saw Bowie perform. Mott were terrific; with new lead singer Nigel Benjamin, and guitarist Ray Ma-

jor, the band has a new young energy behind it that's sure to work in this country. The older members of the group - Overnated Watts, Dale Griffin and Morgan Fisher, had quite a bit to say about what they felt was a destructive influence in the former Mott the Hoople: Mick Ronson. They all seemed to have nothing but good feelings for former Mott lead singer Ian Hunter, but were busier thinking about their own future rather than dwelling on the past. They still do Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane", and Ian's "All The Way From Memphis" and of course - "All The Young Dudes". Other than that, they're on their own and the new material is good, high energy rock and roll. In a way, there are certain similarities to this Mott and Bad Company; it's a similar fresh, hard rock basic sound. We'll have more about them in future issues.

The Rolling Stones are *not* staging any farewell concert on Easter Island this spring. According to Peter Rudge, Stones tour manager, "I don't even know where the place is," he said, "and I'm sure we couldn't even get the bleedin' stage on the island. And the Stones ain't breakin' up, although," he laughed, "it's a great idea." Meanwhile, Stones update: After a vacation in Ireland where he watched fellow-vacationer Eric Clapton throw pies at Shirley MacLaine in a charity benefit, Mick Jagger went to Paris to look for a house. He then flew to Switzerland to

join up with the rest of the Stones, (except Ronnie Wood who was still on tour with The Faces) to mix and do some vocal overdubs on the forthcoming Stones lp. It was assumed that while the band was there they would meet about that possible European tour this December. The likelihood is that they won't do it, but one never knows with the Stones. And probably, their next album will be released by early Spring. Hopefully. Watch for them to return here next summer, round the Bicentennial time ... As soon as we know, we'll tell you more about it.

Janis Ian tells me she was "amazed" that her song, "At Seventeen" was such a hit. "I thought it was much too personal and eclectic," she said, "Of course the record has changed my life," she added, "it's given me alot of gigs." She discussed the press emphasis between her current hit and "Society's Child" and laughed, "It's a pain in the ass, isn't it? But I suppose people need a gimmick. I didn't just sit around for eight years and think about "Society's Child", I haven't even performed it since I was seventeen. I like the song, but I'm not proud of it ... I don't think it's anything that will go down in history."

THE DUDES AND PAGLIARO

Montreal's New Pop Scene

by Alan Betrock

"The music business has been waiting for years for the next big thing", offers the Dudes' Bob Segarini, "and it's already passed them by six or seven times." Not the least of these phenomenas, according to Segarini, is the Canadian rock scene, which in the past gave us Neil Young, The Band, Joni Mitchell, Guess Who, Gordon Lightfoot, Lighthouse, Anne Murray, Stampeders, Mahogany Rush, and most recently, Bachman-Turner Overdrive. Now, with these artists already firmly entrenched in America, a new wave of Canadian bands is attempting to surge to the top of the charts. Foremost among this new wave is Segarini's own Dudes.

Originally from California, Bob Segarini is no newcomer to the world of rock 'n' roll's ups and downs. In the mid-sixties he was in a group called The Family Tree (one RCA LP), which later evolved into the much-loved Wackers. At Elektra, the Wackers produced three LP's, *Wackering Heights*, *Hot Wacks*,



The Dudes are looking forward to touring America. Not just for themselves, but for the rest of their friends, fans, and fellow musicians.

and *Shredder*, which received numerous critical raves, but sparse commercial attention. A single from the *Shredder* LP, "Day & Night", took off in Montreal and soon stood at #1. The Wackers, buoyed by this breakthrough, toured Montreal, fell in love with the town, and when their fourth LP, *Wack 'n' Roll* was rejected by Elektra, they decided to move to Montreal permanently and start all over again. It's certainly easy to see why...

Montreal stands out as the most European city in all of North America. The inhabitants speak both French and English, and there's a large British influence as well. The shopping areas boast French made clothes and British tailored suits. Newsstands are crammed with everything from the *New York Times*, to *The London Daily Mail*, and France's *Le Figaro* ... Or for that matter, *Hit Parader*, *Melody Maker*, and the French-produced *Rock & Folk*. The city is urban and cosmopolitan, yet refreshingly clean, vibrant, and apparently well organized.



Worldwide economic conditions being what they are, Montreal is currently enjoying a veritable boom period, and after hosting the acclaimed Expo, are now gearing up as the home of the 1976 Olympics.

In the middle of this city of three million people is Montreal's own rock scene, protective, insular, yet astonishingly alive and creative. There's a spirit of comradeship here among all the bands, one that is felt onstage, in the studio, or simply in one of the numerous nightspots, like their great club, *Thursday's*. Bob Segarini felt this immediately when he first came to Montreal, and the creative juices have been surging ever since. After several trial runs, Segarini got together his ideal group, which now consists of three ex-Wackers, 2 ex-April Wine's, and one ex-Mashmakhan (the latter two being well known Canadian rock bands). The current lineup fulfills every pop-stars dream setup: one bassist, two drummers, three guitars, and four vocalists! Bob explains: "The three guitars give us room to experiment, while at the same time letting us vary between subtle changes and out and out rock 'n' roll. The two drummers really fill out the sound, adding emphasis where necessary, and with four of us singing, there's really alot going on at once."

There are dozens of Montreal-based bands working steadily now, and most of them have records available to the public. Many are signed with 'name' labels, but an entire segment seems content to issue their own records, occasionally teaming up with one of the locally distributed manufacturers. Bands that never have had a single record out in the States do quite well here, and some can even boast of releasing a dozen singles and four or five albums within the last two years alone. What makes this all the more interesting is the sheer variety of the product being released. There's pop groups, middle - of - the - road groups, heavy metal groups, girl groups, disco groups, jazz-rock groups, and numerous solo performers, many of whom sing in both French and English.

Foremost among these is one Michel Pagliaro, affectionately known as 'Pag' by his fans and followers up here. Over the last ten years, 'Pag' has released something in the vicinity of two-dozen albums (no one, not even Pag, knows the exact number...), and probably twice as many singles. Over the last few years his singles have been gaining increased international attention, with some like "Some Sing Some Dance", "Rainshowers", and "Lovin' You Ain't Easy" achieving worldwide hit status. Pag's own talented backup band has been recording great rock 'n' roll records of their own, under the names Moonquake and Les Rockers, and now seemed poised for a major breakthrough as well. (When you hear Les Rockers French-language version of "Summertime Blues", you know for sure that rock is indeed the international language in the world today...)

"What makes Pag so great", offers

Juan Rodriguez, (Montreal's premier pop chronicler), "is that he doesn't give a shit about making it in America. He's a huge star here, has hit after hit, and is happy to be a French-Canadian superstar." Despite Pag's reluctance to work for international superstardom, he just may achieve it anyway. Record companies and managers have been flying up here to wine and dine him, with Columbia landing an exclusive deal for Pag's records in America. With his incredibly distinct pop sound, good looks, and confident attitude, Pag may just break open the Montreal scene in America, with the ensuing commercial rewards all but inevitable.

Meanwhile, back at Montreal's famed 16,000-seat Forum, The Dudes are warming up backstage, preparing to open tonight for the Bee Gees. Ian Hunter drops by to meet with Segarini and offer encouragement to the Dudes. After all, their original group name was "All The Young Dudes", and both Ian and the Dudes now share the same management. Ian looks a bit paunchy, but his initial reticence soon gives way to warm conversation and a stream of anecdotes that lasts well into the early hours of the morning. The Dudes perform onstage for almost an hour, their show giving new life to their album — an album which even Segarini admits "is not us at our best — but at least it's a good starting point." The group receives a sincere encore, and the Dudes bounce back with a crowd pleasing version of "Please Mr. Postman". Backstage Segarini comments: "It's so great to get an encore here on our home turf. It's really the most gratifying thing for me in years!"

After the gig, the band and the rest of Montreal's pop society gather at *Thursday's* to celebrate, and gear up for an extended tour of Canada. The group travels together in a specially outfitted bus, (itself quite a tourist attraction in Montreal), sometimes driving hundreds of miles to the next night's gig. To Segarini and the Dudes, it's all worthwhile. "Jeez", says Segarini shaking his head, "I don't know how anyone can give up playing small clubs. We just love it. There's nothing in the world like playing two or three hours a night for a small audience. We'd never give that up!"

The group is already busy recording again, for as Segarini offers "we never stop recording. We're always doing demos, or working out new ideas. It's really an endless proposition." With Canadian success virtually assured, the Dudes are looking forward to touring America. Not just for themselves, but for the rest of their friends, fans, and fellow musicians, the Dudes are anxious to bring the new Canadian pop scene to American ears. If the Montreal scene captures a whole new generation of rock fans, that would be fine, as far as the musicians themselves are concerned, but if not, they'll still be content playing their music and making their records for Quebec's dedicated populace. For as the French themselves are prone to say: "Either way, c'est la vie!" □



The Bay City Rollers around the town on the sidewalks of New York. 42nd Street must have been inspiring because they look like they're auditioning for a Busby Berkeley movie...or something.

Bay City Rollers greeted by New York's television press upon their arrival in the U.S. to make their television debut on "Saturday Night Live" with Howard Cosell.



What else? Les McKeown, Eric Faulkner, Alan Longmuir, Stuart "Woody" Wood and Derek Longmuir of The Bay City Rollers enjoy their first hot dog at New York's finest, Nathan's, during the Scottish band's first visit to the U.S.

A WEEK IN THE LIFE

The BAY CITY ROLLERS Come To New York

By Lisa Robinson

So they came, they saw — but as far as actually conquering anything ... this remains to be seen. The Bay City Rollers arrived from London at JFK Airport the final day of September at 3:00 P.M. via TWA, and were greeted with more press than, .. oh, not since Elliot Murphy has there been so much written about so little.

In all fairness, there *were* about fifty genuine teenagers on hand to meet the lads as they got off the plane. And one hundred and fifty cameramen, TV crews, reporters, and representatives from their record company, publicity firm, and financial backers. Also, David Peel — formerly of David Peel and the Lower East Side who literally goes to the opening of a *door* — along with twelve plaid-clad hippies singing songs of welcome into the TV cameras. All that was missing was Andy Warhol who, considering he was promoting his book at the time, really should have been there.

There was trampling, swarming, flashbulbs popping ... and the Rollers, who are obviously used to much more hysteria than this in England, took it all as their due. Shoved into limousines with a TV crew, the Rollers sped into Manhattan to the Westbury, a little old lady hotel on upper Madison Avenue which, I am sure, has never seen anything quite like this. ("We tried to get into the Pierre," Rollers' manager Tam Paton told me

several days later, implying that they had been turned away because of threats of screaming girls, "but it got botched up. Anyway, this is a nice conservative hotel, and the room service is lovely.")

Eric, Derek, Alan, Woody and Les literally said "Where's Harlem, where's the Empire State Building and where's the Statue of Liberty," and they arrived at their hotel to find about twenty teenage girls waiting outside. I am told that this is the same bunch that hangs around when The Heywoods and the Hudson Brothers show up in New York. Everyone piled into suites to watch the six o'clock news; The Arrival was shown on all stations. There seemed to be an unusual number of middle-aged men in pink doubleknit polyester suits with yenta wives sporting large, teased hairdos (one of whom berated her husband at the airport: "You're not getting *any* of the attention out of this!"). It was later discovered that these were schoolteachers who in some way were financial associates of Sid Bernstein, the Rollers' American rep.

Sid is the man who "brought" the Beatles to Shea Stadium in 1966 or whenever it was. Much loved in the music business, Sid has gotten a bit carried away with this one; promising left and right that the Rollers will play Shea Stadium, then Yankee Stadium, and then telling everyone in sight how he's got a

hold on two dates at Madison Square Garden ... "I think it's a bit premature to talk of stadiums now," Tam Paton confided to me, "and I've never said anything about it. I'm the one who counts after all." (I'll say it's a bit premature to talk of stadiums. Even though as of this writing Arista Records claims to have sold 180,000 records in two weeks time, and the record has gone on the charts at #85, whether the boys could sell out the 2672 seat Beacon Theater is, at this point, doubtful.)

So, everyone gathered at the hotel to watch the News, where teenage girls with long Italian names were interviewed on the air saying how they looked forward to seeing the boys, and then there was a hushed silence as Sid Bernstein was quoted *on the air* of the NBC-TV news as saying, "Well ... I hired these buses to bring girls out to the airport..." or something to that effect. "They got me wrong!!," Bernstein exploded, "what I said was, all these people had been calling me up asking to help get them out to the airport, and I said the Rollers wouldn't want *anyone* to play hookey to see them! And," he added, turning to a friend, "they don't, you know."

Despite the jet lag, the boys were then shlepped off to Maxwell's Plum for dinner (a famed singles' bar/restaurant) with several press people, more TV



Derek Longmuir of the Bay City Rollers looks through catalogues at Manny's music store where the entire group purchased thousands of dollars worth of musical equipment.

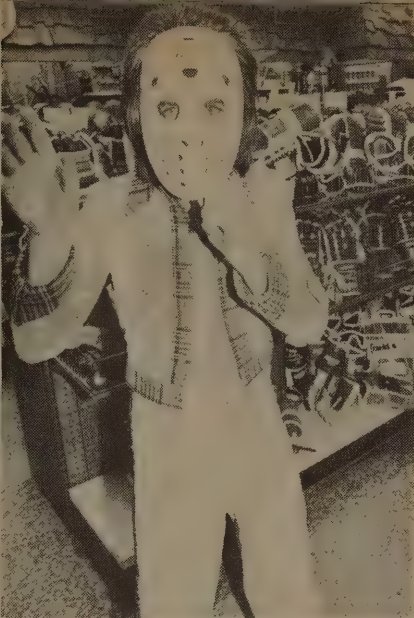
people, and Clive Davis who arrived late and did not make a speech. The boys ate steak au poivre, and drank lots of milk ... Pitchers of milk were highly visible on the table. (This milk thing is genuine, by the way. When I met the lads last spring backstage at the Apollo Theater in Glasgow, I asked for a glass of white wine and I think if I had shrieked "who wants to fuck..." no one would have been more shocked.)

The evening wore on. Next in line (it must have been three a.m. English time by now) was a trip to the ABC Building to meet Howard Cossell, (the host of the Saturday Night Live show the Rollers made their American TV debut on) and to watch the Frazier-Ali fight. After various elevator trips, the boys met Howard and Alan King, who produces the TV show ... and amidst an elaborate buffet and elegant Las Vegas types, some of the entourage stayed to watch the fight - the Rollers went back to the hotel to sleep.

Wednesday was filled with radio interviews and a bit of sightseeing, some photo sessions, and a trip to Harlem. The boys had some pizza, (which they kept pronouncing "pisa", isn't this *Cute*?) and where driven up 125th Street in a police car by our men in blue who thought the boys in plaid were adorable.

Thursday was meet the press day, with informal gatherings set at the Westbury Hotel as well as private interviews. The man from The New York Times said he liked The Wombles music better, and the phone in the Suite 1415 was always busy. I finally caught up with the boys at Rockefeller Center where they were to be photographed standing by the ice skating rink statue. An entourage of about forty people (with about four genuine teenagers clutching pathetic bits of tartan) sped along with the Rollers as they posed for pix in various spots of the plaza. I noted that everyone moved very fast, as if escaping from something. Since there was nothing to escape from, I concluded this was just natural reflex at this point, or an attempt to make it appear as if something was actually happening.

For me, the most interesting thing about the afternoon was the presence of Peter Brown, dressed superbly as always in suit and tie, beard immaculately



Eric Faulkner, of Scotland's Bay City Rollers, outfitted himself with a hockey mask while visiting Herman's sporting goods shop during a tour of Manhattan. Cute?

trimmed, observing. What *are* you doing here, I shrieked, adding a touch of authentic Beatlemania to the surroundings? "You know I've always been a student of pop culture," Peter smiled suavely, "Tam asked me to come along." One didn't over hear any of the whispered discussions between Peter and Tam .. but speculation ran rampant as to what the manager of the Bay City Rollers and the Stigwood executive who had been so closely associated with The Beatles, were saying to each other.

I asked the obligatory "How do you like New York?", and Eric, (I *think* it was Eric, it was beginning to feel like 1963 must have, with everyone saying "now which one is Ringo?") said, "It's crazy." Mmmmm, yes. How do you feel about not having hordes of girls screaming everywhere you go? "It feels strange," Eric admitted, "but we'll soon change that."

We've seen Harlem, the Empire State Building and we've had a pisa," one of the Rollers said, and this scintillating conversation continued as we went to the top of the Radio City Rockefeller Center Building to look at the view. It was windy, the boys posed for more pix with alot of legs kicking up in the air .. I don't quite understand this pose ... and the photographers from the British dailies all shouting, "Look this way Rollers" and "Over here, Rollers". Like that. When it became apparent that Les was being photographed alone he was pulled back into the group, (and, I actually heard him say, "Awh, shaddup..." to somebody. Feeling the strain?, perhaps?). Les is actually the one with a certain nasty sex appeal, Alan needs to lose some weight around the middle, and all of their tartan outfits looked mighty worn.

Everyone piled into yet another elevator and went to see a screening of an NBC Special of a Rollers concert that will be shown on American TV as soon as the boys get a sponsor for it. Gathered for the screening were several members of the



During a visit to a New York radio station Stuart "Woody" Wood tries a change of face. Center Foreground — Stuart "Woody" Wood Background (laughing) — Alan Longmuir

press, representatives of the record company, and various TV execs. Derek told me that this was the show where the girls actually got *at* them in the end, but no one was seriously hurt. And in an atmosphere of hushed silence — more out of nothing to say than awe — the screening began.

Coffee, grape soda and colas were set up along with plastic looking danish pasty ... occasionally the boys would poke each other, laugh and react to something on the screen. I noticed that the girls in the audience (TV/concert audience, not at the screening) were waving scarves back and forth, and mentioned to "16" Editor Danny Fields that I had seen this very same thing in England for David Essex. "Yes, they do that for everyone now," he said knowingly. "Well, not for Ian Anderson," I said ... "No, not for the ballet, either," he retorted.

"Did you get all that down about the record going in on the Cashbox and Billboard charts at #85?" Tam asked me, "that's good, isn't it? We're not in a hurry, it took us a long time to have a hit in England as well. I think it's probably a bit of a relief for them not to have all the screaming here for awhile ... they're taking advantage of it as long as they can," he said pointedly. "I think we'll win them over."

And, "The thing that's good about a TV show is that you actually get a chance to hear the *music*," Tam said. "Which you don't during a concert because of the screaming. Lots of these songs are original songs, they wrote them themselves, as a matter of fact their whole next album will be original material. I like to tell people that, because so many people often say that they're not musical ... and here they've written all their own songs..." Tam drifted off, tapping his feet in time to the music and actually singing along with the songs.

The Rollers had a few more days in New York; they rehearsed for their Howard Cossell appearance which was okay ... not very much genuine excitement. It appeared as if the studio audience had been overly cued to scream; many shopping bag ladies and middle aged men with mustaches could be seen among those standing and clapping, holding bits of plaid ... Will this happen here? Stay tuned. It *couldn't* be cuter. □

ROXY MUSIC PROCLAIM THEIR GRANDEUR

by Jonh Ingham

Only three years existence and already Roxy Music seem like an institution. Even in their earliest public days they seemed as though they had been together a long time, had learned the game the hard way. Nowadays, Bryan Ferry has his kisser pasted all over the Sunday papers and supplements and his name dropped in glamour magazines like so many loose pearls. One now thinks of Roxy as a nice, Established group until they record another album and perform another tour. Then you remember they're one of Britain's best, a primal rock beast proclaiming its grandeur.

As I write, the fourth British Roxy Music tour starts in two days. For the first time no-one is wondering what the stage setting is or what ensembles Bryan will be unveiling. Somehow, perhaps because we're too used to the band, such things no longer seem important, and yet, when Bryan rushes out each night in whatever garb he deems important for the occasion, complete pandemonium will result.

The fifth album, *Siren*, has been the focal point of their summer activities. Recording nearly all the basic tracks in a week, Bryan then retired with his notes and concepts to formulate lyrics. Even when they reassembled in the cloister of the studio he had left several songs without lyrics, feeling that to rush things was to court disaster. Phil Manzanera, also, thinks that it's better to allow the album to go over the deadline if it means that the end result will be that much better.



"I like to think that we're still prodding in our solo projects, basically experimenting more than is possible as a group," said Phil Manzanera.

Characterized by Phil as "an attempt to recapture the spirit of the first album, but on a much higher level," it was finished in marathon sessions that ended with Bryan passed out on the studio floor, while producer Chris Thomas could no longer decide if it was the best record of the decade or the worst.

The next day an exhausted Bryan opined of the album, "You're trying to be more polished, more assured, but at the same time you're trying to keep a lot of that" — he flexed his fist in an uppercut — "and I think the album has a lot of that." He clenched his fist again. "Any music for me has to produce some kind of emotional response. The mental response is very much a secondary thing. It just seems that my/our repertoire has until now been based more on ideas than actual playing ability."

In the midst of this madness Andy Mackay was also engaged in other follies. *Rock Follies* to be precise, a six part television serial concerning the tribulations of an all-girl group in the rock biz to be aired in January, for which he is providing all music, with lyrics from playwright Ira Schuman.

"I rather enjoyed sitting down at the piano like Cole Porter and saying, 'How does that sound?' It's as good a motive as any, to have to write songs. I generally waited until I had an idea of some sort and then followed that idea through. I don't feel committed to writing in a particular style, though I'm tempted to write music that emphasizes a dramatic situation. I think the music is used in these plays in a very interesting way ... It's really the first time it's been done on television where it's not incidental music.

The songs sum up the themes and emotions of a particular episode."

An album of the music will follow, and Andy found it quite odd to spend six hours recording three or four songs and then spend twelve hours with Roxy over one or two overdubs and some vocals. But then Roxy is a quest for perfection, and "there's a difference between a record that people are going to listen to lots of times and a television broadcast that three million people will see just once."

Andy, of course, was the first person after Ferry to release a solo album, *In Search Of Eddie Riff*. Subsequently he has released a single, "Wild Weekend". Now, with "Weekend" and two other tracks changed to make it a totally instrumental album, it is to be released in the States. When I asked Andy when he first started thinking of a solo career he seemed surprised by the thought. "I don't know, really. I think it's always been in

the backs of our minds, because Roxy was that sort of people and that sort of band. Obviously, it was given a much more urgent reaction when Bryan established the two careers thing, where to maintain the status quo of Roxy it was important that we were all seen to be solo musicians of one sort or another, so Roxy came across as a band that we were in from choice rather than necessity."

The second Roxy to demonstrate his membership by choice was Phil Manzanera, who first played on albums by John Cale and Eno, and subsequently recorded two albums, one with his former group Quiet Sun and the other Diamond Head, with an array of guests and "character singers".

"I've always liked character singers," Phil elaborated. "There are hundreds of people who can sing in tune and all that, but I've always liked people who sang a bit weird, who you know nobody else

could sing like they do. Some people say it's terrible singing, but it's that person's character coming through. I like Bryan for that reason, though his solo albums have shown he has a capacity for straight singing."

Although *Diamond Head* was the sole projected album, Phil found that in resurrecting the old tunes which comprise a fair portion of that album he had a few which were Quiet Sun staples, booked some extra studio time, called up the old members, and Quiet Sun made their debut album four years after their dissolution. As a result, *Diamond Head* became a much smoother, warmer album in reaction to the frantic music of his Soft Machine oriented former group.

Asked about the channelling off of energy from Roxy in these solo outings, he replied, "Because you've made it you become part of the mainstream, which in some ways is a drag but there's no way



you can avoid it. You either make it or you don't and keep prodding. But I like to think that we're still prodding in our solo projects, basically experimenting more than is possible as a group. Like there's no way that Quiet Sun's music could be played by Roxy — it just wouldn't work — yet that album is an alternative on the record scene at the moment."

Asked the same question, Andy replied: "In an ideal situation possibly more energy would go into Roxy if we didn't do other things, but at the same time so much energy might go into Roxy that it might burst at the seams. That's more the danger. If everybody were straining to get out all their ideas only through Roxy, then it would be too much, it would burst asunder."

Batteur Paul Thompson has thus far restricted himself to writing "Your Application's Failed", the B-side of the last Roxy single. He feels that in a couple of years he will be in the position to record an album, when he is better able to write. At the moment he's content to learn the craft "off me own back".

Eddie Jobson, violinist, keyboardist, and one-man orchestra, is held back only by lack of time. When he does get to grips with his projected ideas, the result will be a semi-classical album with all instruments played by Jobson. His background is classically oriented; he didn't listen to rock until 1970, when the classical background or *Curved Air* interested him. Subsequently plugging his violin into an amplifier, he joined a rock group while waiting a year to enter the Royal Academy of Music — at 16 they considered him too young. He never entered, joining *Curved Air* instead. When Eno left, he moved over to Roxy.

But at the core of all these spiralling projects is the desire to consolidate their



American success, to insinuate themselves into the consciousness in the same way that the Stones or Zeppelin have. Or as Bryan smilingly put it, "The

nicest idea this time would be that this record will do better than any other we've done and that it will do well in America."□

A CHAT WITH BRYAN

by Lisa Robinson

His entrances are always perfect, the scene immaculately set. One arrives at Bryan Ferry's Holland Park townhouse and is led in by a magnificent creature; "Siren" cover girl Gerry Hall. (I later asked Bryan if he always became romantically involved with Roxy's cover girls, recalling both Amanda Lear and Kari-Ann who had graced earlier LP covers. "No comment," he laughed in the best Hollywood tone of voice his English accent could muster.)

Anyway, back to the entrance. Gerry Hall, with long flowing blonde hair and pale lavender matte jersey, smiles a big Texas smile and leads the way upstairs to one of the white art deco reception rooms. Prominently displayed is the Dom Perignon in silver bucket and at least six vases of long-stemmed roses. Everywhere is a pinup of some sort;

there's Kari-Ann of the first Roxy LP cover on one wall, Warhol's Marilyn on the other. Kim Novak is framed in silver on a table and at least two portraits of the host are in evidence. Is Mr. Ferry mocking himself and his tastes? I think not, I'm sure he's perfectly at ease in such spotless, stylish surroundings. The treasures are carefully selected and this is a house that any stage struck creature would immediately sympathize with. I felt right at home.

Lest we forget, the new "Siren" lp was blaring forth from speakers in an adjacent room. "I'll just tell Bryan you're here," Gerry breathes and I'm left alone to listen to the new music. As Roxy's music has consistently sounded better to me with each album, I am pleased to hear so soon the disc the band had just finished the night before. I especially like the

beginning of "Love is the Drug", with it's Grade B-TV music, Peter Gunn type theme, at the beginning. I sit quietly on the white couch, glad I'm wearing a beige gabardine forties suit and can so easily blend into the picture...

Bryan dashes in, the perfect touch to the perfect room, and I wish him happy birthday. How old? ... Somehow, I forgot the answer. (Don't worry, it wasn't that old...) Sure, I'll have some champagne ... even though I've been up all night, have jet lag ... Bryan's birthday guests arrive: Mark Fenwick, Roxy's enthusiastic manager, Antony Price, Bryan's clothes designer ... dressed in black, including long leather gloves.

Bryan and I sneak away after he's opened a few gifts to chat about the new lp, and Roxy's plans for America. "As usual, this album is just an extension of

things we've done on other albums," Bryan asserted. "It's just a hell of a lot better, I think, than the other ones. Obviously at this stage, - we just finished it last night - I can't be too objective about it. But I felt that way all through it, that this would be better than the others. I've said that about every album, of course, you tend to get very excited about what you're doing. You always think it's better - but with this one I always knew it was a kind of big step forward somehow."

"We're doing all of the new album in our show, a couple of songs from my solo albums ... Andy and Phil will each do one from their solos. Sort of a compromise ... and we're going to have a couple of girls along to sing backup vocals as well. I don't know if we'll bring them to America, we'll see how it works out on the English tour. I've done so many vocal parts on this album, at least two or three on each track, and it would be impossible to do that onstage ... you'd need extra voices. Since most of the backing vocals are high falsetto voices, girls will be good. I just want this tour to sound really good you know..."

"We'll be in America November, right after the English tour, and I guess we'll do a lot of dates there. I want to play places we've never been to before; places like Texas, the South ... I wish we could do it on trains though, like in "Some Like It Hot"..."

"Ever since I saw you last I've been working," Bryan continued. "We went to Australia, New Zealand, Japan, and came back to go straight into doing the album. Now we have to go right on tour. But I feel good about going back to America now, because the last time we went it was nice. I mean we didn't get huge, mammoth sort of Led Zeppelin or Stones kind of audiences, but we filled English-sized halls, and that was nice. I only hope that this album will do well; "Country Life" was in the Top forty and I feel that this can do better. I can imagine this one doing a lot better because I can sort of hear all the tracks being played on the radio there. Not that it was specifically designed for it, but it has a real kind of force behind it."

Ummmm, one "serious" question, Bryan ... "Uh-oh," he laughed. In relation to what you're doing Musically, Visually, do you still feel comfortable with it; or do you feel that you're locked into some kind of pose? "Not at all. I meant the visual things I've done on my solo albums, or promotional films with me in a dinner jacket singing "You Go To My Head" to a slinky Kari-Ann, well those things have capsulated *that* kind of thing very clearly. And now, after doing that, after doing that kind of a smooth and polished record, I can be free to go the other way. The Roxy record is an entirely different thing. It's much more kind of ... macho, it's not that smooth image. Obviously whenever the national press or whoever want to run a picture of me they're going to have me in the black tie, because you know they're usually 18 months behind the times or something. They're just get-

(continued on page 60)



"All the screaming doesn't encroach on me on an artistic level, I just do what I like..."



DAVID ESSEX

David Essex was trapped inside the De Vere Hotel in Coventry, England, as dozens of teenage girls screamed his name outside in the streets. It was a few hours before his two sold-out shows that night at the Coventry Theater; as these were part of a two-month long tour that took Essex all over England (with America still to come), he looked exhausted. Perhaps it was the added inconvenience of doing several interviews the afternoon before two shows ... however, Essex managed throughout to be perfectly charming, amiable, and articulate about his position in English pop life. The attention he's paid to his music, to the band he's put together, almost defy the teenybopper image he's been saddled with for the past few years because of his looks. But, as Essex himself put it, "I'm really getting too old to be just a pretty face."

THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW

by Lisa Robinson



HP: Why have you chosen to do showcase performances at the Bottom Line in New York and the Roxy in L.A. rather than a full scale tour in America?

David: Well, I wanted to do those two clubs because they have kind of a charisma around them, and then perhaps go back next year to do other places. This is kind of an introduction, rather than just - crash, you know, ten thousand seaters and selling out to seven thousand. It's a kind of feeler, just to go and see what the reaction is.

HP: What do you think your image is in America?

David: I haven't a clue, you see, I don't go over to America very often, so I don't know. I mean "Rock On" was a big hit, and the albums get played on the FM radio, and that's all I know. I'll be very interested to see what happens.

HP: You did come to do some promotion on the films, didn't you? ("That'll Be The Day", "Stardust".)

David: Yes, but that wasn't on the music side. And I've done the odd "Midnight



Special", bits and pieces, but not that much because I've been busy working over here and in Europe.

HP: Would you like it if you came to America and appealed to more of an FM audience, where people would listen to the music more?

David: Yeah, it would be pretty good, that.

HP: How do you live with all that stuff? All those girls ... screaming ... it's like a cliché of a popstar..

David: Ummm, privately it infringes on me, I mean it's difficult getting in and out of theaters, and we had to stop the show in Manchester yesterday, I mean those things happen. But it's never changed my policy towards what I do, so therefore it doesn't encroach too much. Just sometimes on stage I'll think well, I wouldn't mind if you listen. But it's really up to them, isn't it?

HP: Well do they actually *scream* during the whole concerts?

David: No ... It's not like the Bay City Rollers...

HP: Well I always thought you were in an interesting position as a "pop idol" anyway, because — especially in this country, most people in that position have a ridiculous image, it has nothing to do with what they're really about. Yet you manage to live your life...

David: I've always tried to be as real as possible. I've never hidden the fact that I'm married, and twenty eight, and have a child ... And musically I've always written my own stuff, many people were surprised that "Rock On" and things that came after that were hits, I was surprised as well. Because I didn't think that a song like "Rock On" would appeal to a large, commercial kind of audience.

HP: Why?

David: Well - I just thought it was a kind of different attitude to music. I was very interested in riffs and rhythmic changes and passages as an atmosphere because I was a drummer, and that's where that kind of production came from. But I didn't know that it would be successful on a chart basis ... I liked it very much, but I

didn't know that it would transcend ... I was quite surprised to be honest.

HP: Do you still perform it, and if you do, do you ever get bored with it?

David: We still perform it, and no - we don't get bored with it because there's a lot of freedom in it. It's not like hit them with the hook, or something like that. The whole thing takes care of itself, it's like a piece of atmosphere. A lot of my more successful tracks are like that now. I've worked in theater and I've tried to get a smell of something instead of just a sound, I think records should have a smell about them.

HP: Do you work very long on your albums?

David: Well this latest didn't take as long as my second one did, this one was a little bit more instinctive, and a little more direct. A lot of the songs from the new album are good for live performances, the dynamics are good for that. Some of my earlier stuff was not particularly good for a stage show.

HP: Do you get a lot of boys coming to see you?

David: Not a lot, to be honest, it's mostly girls ... about seventy per cent girls.

HP: Is it too dangerous for you to have any contact with your fans at this stage?

David: Well, you can in ones or twos, but you can't with any numbers. I always try to ... but like in Glasgow there were people camped out outside the hotel for two days, and it rained all the time. So we got a little room downstairs, and let in about four at a time and I would say hello, sign whatever they had. Which is a terrible experience to go through for me, it was a really strange carry-on, but I





thought it was better than them standing outside in the rain ... it was cold...

HP: Incredible masochism...

David: It is incredible. That's why when you mentioned the Rollers before, all that screaming, when you asked if it gets on my nerves, well - it doesn't encroach on me on an artistic level. Never has done. I'm just coming out with what I like.

HP: Do you feel pressure on you to "stay on top". or to top yourself with each record...

David: No, I don't feel like that. Usually the singles I release from my albums are the ones that I like the best. At that particular time. The only pressure I feel is



Sheehan



a personal pressure. I don't think 'oooh, I must get a number-one next time' ... that's silly. What is the point. See, you got to go back a little with me because I started out with blues bands, and then started to make records - this was in the sixties. I was just a working class kid, and producers and managers and people involved with me sort of took me and put me with all these big names, they said things like, 'well - if you record this song, because it's very much like the one that's number one now, you'll have a hit' ... So I had about two years of that, people thrusting their will upon me as far as songs and attitudes were concerned. That was an awful experience in a way, in retrospect, but in another way it was a terrific experience because it made me aware that that wasn't the answer. The answer was to please yourself. So if you do an album and you're pleased with it and it works for

you, that's all that you can do, you can't worry about getting number ones, or what people think of the latest record. To illustrate that, in this country the attitude towards me has changed a bit, I'm now becoming credible.

HP: You mean with the press?

David: Yes.

HP: Does that matter to you?

David: No. It did, in the beginning, because I was credible, and I was only doing what I felt was right. Like some of the press started to write stuff like "oh, what a great record, he's not just a pretty face". And so what I did was then come out with the most commercial, toe-tapping song I could come out with, and they dropped me again.

HP: Were you pleased with that?

David: Yeah. (Laughs.) But I mean it's the kids who count, and I'm sick to death of all that silliness, it's become a joke...

HP: What about the movies? Is that something that's in your past?

David: I don't enjoy film acting, I enjoy working in the theater - I was in the theater for about three years. But I'll probably do another film, although I think that films are very stilted, and not very creative for an actor ... It's a bit like an I.Q. test where you have to remember what you were like in the scene before the actual scene which was shot three weeks ago. It's like a memory test. It isn't all that fulfilling, I don't find.

HP: Did you like your films though, did you like yourself in them?

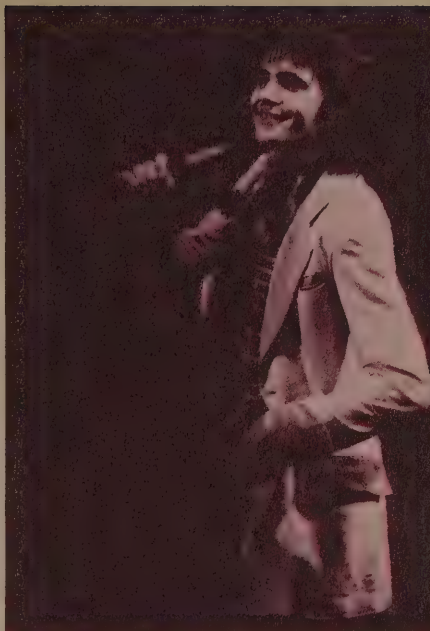
David: No...

HP: You didn't like "Stardust"? You were great in "Stardust"...

David: Thank you...

HP: Was it that you related to it too much..

David: Oh yeah, everyone says it's the



"It took me about two months to get over 'Stardust'..."

story of my life and it's not true. It was about someone who wanted to be the most famous person in the world, and I wanted to be a jazz drummer. (Laughs). That character was obsessed with being the most famous, and there's a lot of people like that, but it's always been a bit of an embarrassment to me, the whole thing. I get terribly embarrassed sitting in Rolls Royces, all that carry-on. I don't enjoy it at all, I can't work it out, and that's the truth.

HP: Well, as far as the end of that film was concerned, it was very...

David: Shattering.

HP: Yes. Was it difficult for you to do?

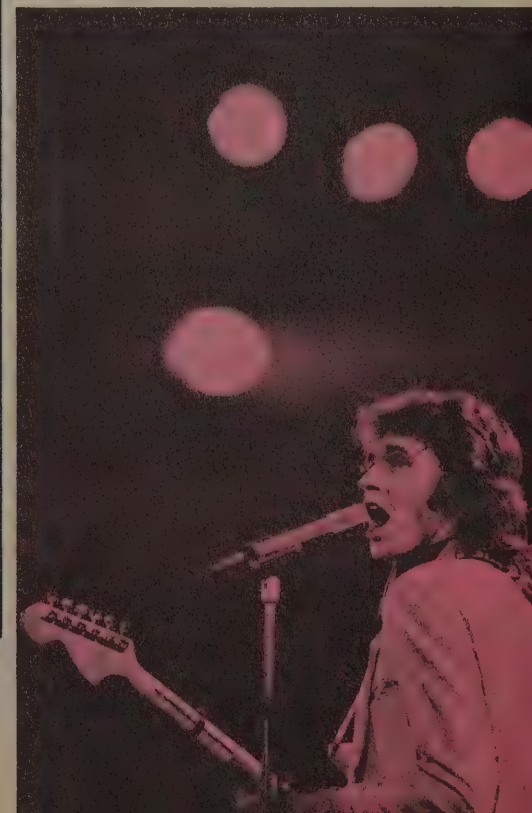


"It was a shocking experience and that's why I don't like the film".

David: Yes, terribly, terribly difficult. It took me, honestly, about two months to get over it. It was a shocking experience that's why I don't like the film, I don't like anything about it. I was so involved with it, I was so close to the situation, ... the character was different, but the situation was so close to me, the situation was very similar. It was very hard for me to say 'well that's Jim McLain, that's me' ... it was one of those. I think the filmmakers were very lucky — they just cashed in on the right person. If they had gotten another actor to do it, it would have been different. See, it was a two-film project.

(continued on page 62)

"I was supposed to be the Pinball Wizard in 'Tommy' but Columbia thought they'd make more money with Elton John. I'm very glad now that I didn't do it".



"The only pressure I feel is personal pressure, I don't think I have to come out with a number-one all the time..."







"I mean, Pete and John get on pretty well, all right. Keith — Keith makes a nuisance of himself to more or less everybody, but he's looked on by Pete and John as sort of a bumbling incompetent which they have to put up with. They all hate Roger — Everybody hates Roger. I've never met anybody that likes Roger Daltrey, ever."

Alcock was in the States to promote a

goofy, star-studded space opera concept album called *Flash Fearless*. But, working on his third consecutive Heinekins, it was obvious he enjoyed making amiably acid comments about his friends more than pushing his own product.

"They never mix socially, ever. In fact, it wasn't until just over a year ago, when there were some things John and Pete

needed to talk about, that Pete visited John's house for the first time. John had been living there for four and a half years and he'd never set foot in the place before.

"It's not animosity, because animosity by implication means that they go to the trouble of talking to each other. It hasn't ever reached that stage. But they've got their guidelines straight — Pete more or less writes the stuff, John more or less

TEN YEARS ON WITH THE WHO

by Bruce Meyer

"It's an amazing band. I don't know how they manage to do it. They just don't get on with each other."

John Alcock-producer



does the arrangements. Keith they have around for as little time as possible — just get the drum tracks down and then throw him out of the studio.

"And they all complain bitterly. I've seen some amazing gigs that The Who have done, and they're never happy. I mean, you go around backstage and there's always a picture of misery and one of them's about to fire the managers or

the record company and another one's about to walk out and never play again — and this happens every single time, without fail.

"But it's a band divided into four quarters. Lose any one of them and you'd lose the lot."

Hard words, you say. Especially aimed at friends. But here we have that rarest of commodities in the Rock 'n' Roll Biz:

Truth.

The Who are nearing completion of their eleventh year (actually they've been together much longer, but their first single, "I Can't Explain," was out at London's IBC Studios in January of 1965). During that time they have rarely even seen each other except in the studio or on tour. And when they were together for business purposes — that is, making music — they have bitched and bickered and occasionally even fought more or less constantly.

But through it all, Pete Townshend's songs and rich chording, Roger Daltrey's powerful and expressive voice, John Entwistle's solemnly fluid bass runs and Keith Moon's manic, rolling drums have combined in some of the most eloquently brutal rock 'n' roll ever made.

There is a new album, a collection of tunes (not, that is, a concept) which Daltrey describes as "a lot like *Who's Next*, but with a few surprises." The new LP uses virtually no extra instrumentation — a major change from the heavily synthesized Who material of the past three or four years.

"We've recorded this album to bring Townshend out as a guitarist. He's gotten a terrible paranoia about not being a good guitarist. But the new album has no synthesizer on it at all — and you don't miss it."

Townshend provides all but a fraction of The Who's material — and in a unique way. He writes the songs, then prepares a "demo" tape, overdubbing his own voice, guitar, bass and drums and thus presenting the rest of the group with a complete concept for each tune. In an interview some time back, Townshend described how the technique evolved:

"It was the way I practiced .. writing ditties with which I could later amuse myself over-dubbing and adding extra parts. I learned to play with myself. Masturbation comes to mind and as a concept, making demos is not far off."

Daltrey: "After 11 years, Pete knows exactly how the song's going to be. If he doesn't after 11 years, he ain't ever gonna. We'll sit down and discuss plans for the album — and obviously we come up with ideas as we go along. But basically there aren't many changes from Townshend's demos."

Of all the major English bands of the Sixties, only The Who would seem to be entering their second decade with imagination and creativity fully intact.

"I think the reason we've lasted so long," says Entwistle, "is that we don't really like each other. (sound familiar?) I mean, we rarely see each other socially — Moon never — so we don't have any social pressures on us like some groups. We might argue a bit about songs, but that's just part of the creative process. We just stick to rock and roll."

They didn't start out with rock and roll — not Townshend and Entwistle, at any rate. As schoolboys, they were part of a Dixieland band, Townshend on banjo

(some guitarists claim his style has touches of the banjo player in it, but you could fool me) and Entwistle on trumpet (he plays the French horn parts on Who albums).

By 1961, Townshend had forsaken Dixieland for the electric guitar and Entwistle had a home-made bass and the two of them moved in on The Detours, a band headed by *lead guitarist* Roger Daltrey. Shortly thereafter, the Beatles happened and Townshend discovered American rhythm & blues — the music behind the music behind the Beatles' sound.

The Detours became the Who and then — under the direction of a classically manipulative manager named Peter Meaden — changed their name to the High Numbers. Under this moniker they released two singularly unsuccessful records aimed at appealing to the teenaged Mods — "Zoot Suit" and "I'm The Face."

In the middle of 1964, after they had changed back into The Who, Keith Moon — then drummer for a group called the Beachbombers — caught their act and asked to sit in. He's been sitting in ever since, much to the occasional chagrin of the rest of the band.

"He's the best drummer in the business, make no mistake about it," says Entwistle. "But I'd never let him near my house. There's not enough insurance in the world to cover the damage."

There must be hundreds of Keith Moon stories floating around, including that of the birthday celebration during which he drove a Cadillac into a hotel swimming pool; Moon admits to being a "frustrated comedian."

"You know," says John Alcock, "everything that could possibly be said about Keith Moon has already been said — and it's a gross understatement. Really, this country could save itself billions of dollars and just scrap all defenses and employ Keith on a full-time basis. He's far more dangerous than anything science has ever invented."

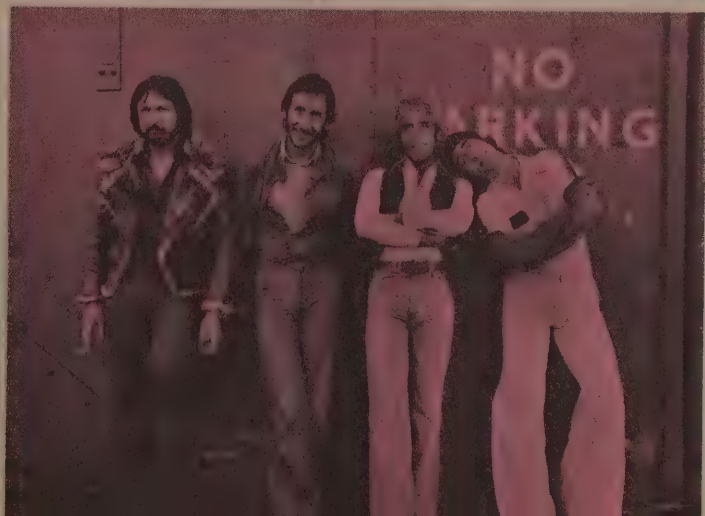
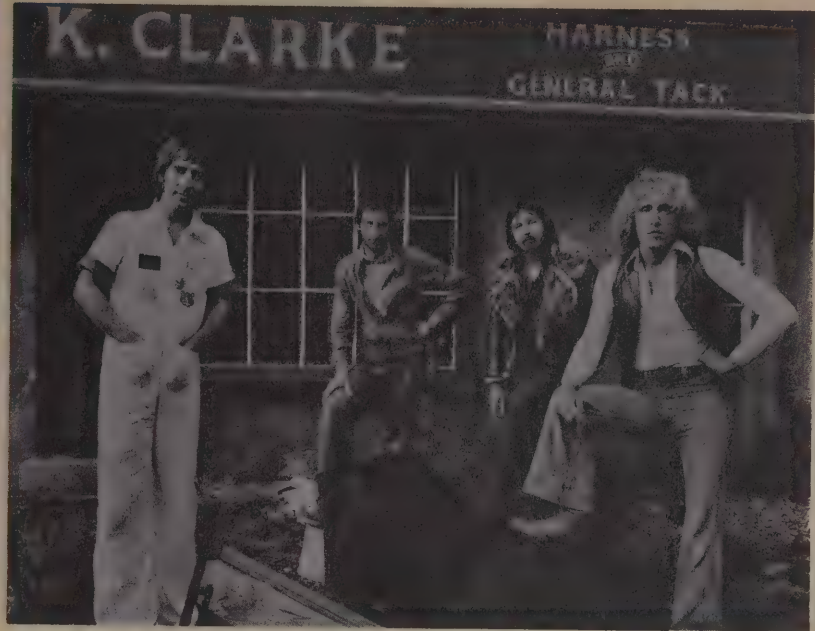
With Moon, The Who was complete. "I Can't Explain" hit the charts in 1965, beginning an unbroken string of classic singles that captured the pain, passion and promise of a generation and served it up with a sneering flourish. The Who turned their backs on the wash - and - wear pop image of the early Beatles, and expressed the petty frustrations of an ineloquent young working class.

Released in July of 1965, "My Generation" was the B-side of their second single and possibly the most important song of a pioneering year for pop music. It was an anthem that perfectly captured the viewpoint of a self-centered and self-conscious generation. When The Who said they wanted to die before they got old, they sounded like they meant it.

Yet four years later, Pete Townshend was already concerned with His Generation from the historical perspective. Clearly, everyone was getting older and rock 'n' roll was growing up right along with them. So why not a "rock opera?"



Just over a year ago, John and Pete had to talk about something and Pete visited John's house for the first time since John had lived there for 4½ years. John, Pete, Rog and Keith — on the road again ... watch out



Tommy was a sensation from the outset; it's no particular surprise that the whole thing has been run into the ground over the past six years of producing it in every conceivable lively art form (except, ironically, as an opera). There was, after all, money to be made. With the recent film version, it would seem that *Tommy* has finally run its course.

"Yeah, that's it as far as we're concerned," says Daltrey. "I was offered the bit (lead role in the film) and couldn't turn it down, and The Who were going to be involved in it anyway. But that's it. It doesn't bother me that we've been involved with it for six years — when you make a record, it doesn't just stop there. It was a great piece of work with a lot of imagination and Ken Russell did a great job with it. The movie isn't everybody's *Tommy*, because it's all individual. That's Russell's vision."

Who's Next was released four years ago, an album that marked the conclusion of the Sixties as a musical time-



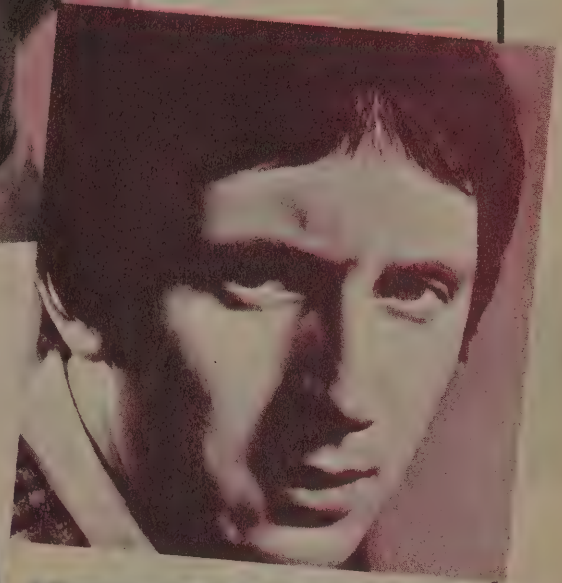
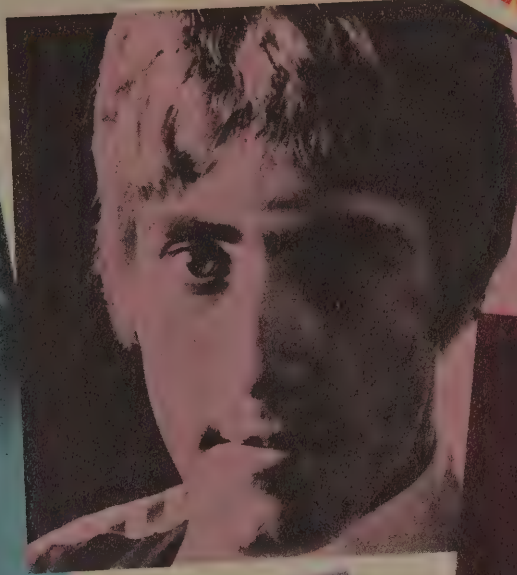
frame as accurately as "I Want To Hold Your Hand" marked the beginning. *Who's Next*, and particularly the razor-edged "Won't Get Fooled Again," tied up all the loose ends of a lunatic Camelot; a brief, shining moment that rusted away before our eyes.


Since then, except for the failed brilliance of *Quadrophenia*, The Who have concentrated largely on individual projects: Entwistle released four solo albums, Daltrey two, Townshend and Moon one apiece. All of them of passing interest, none showing the forcefulness of The Who as a unit.

Which is why, 11 years later, The Who are back on tour, with a new album, selling out multiple dates at the biggest halls in the country.

As Daltrey says, "How many chances in your lifetime do you get to spend 11 years with four people who don't particularly get on — and yet come together and create the best rock 'n' roll there is?" □

THE WHO... THEN





JIMI HENDRIX

"Midnight Lightning"

by Jean-Charles Costa

Recently, GUITAR PLAYER — the bible for fretted instrument fanatics of all persuasions — devoted an entire issue to the life and work of Jimi Hendrix. That in itself is a rather rare and singular honor for a contemporary instrumentalist, especially for one who was so totally committed to the massive "electronic" style. After all, pioneers like Django Reinhardt, Charlie Christian, and Wes Montgomery have yet to be accorded a similar tribute. What was even more remarkable about that issue — an obsessively detailed re-evaluation of Jimi's career that extended to heated debates about what kind of strings and amp and guitar settings he *really* used — was the total agreement from *all* of his peer musicians on the fact that he was the *man*. The one who took it the furthest, plumbing the limitless sound potential of the electric guitar with his truly inimitable Fender Stratocaster style.

Usually you'd have a hard time getting a roomful of lead guitarists to agree on anything, much less talk to each other. Generally they tend to be fairly neurotic, suspicious, and occasionally hostile breed; perhaps due to the shrieking frenzy implicit in the sound of their instrument or maybe it's because they've been basking in the spotlight a little too long. In any case, an impressive roster of modern guitarists including Larry Coryell, Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, Johnny Winter, Mike Bloomfield, Robben Ford, Toy Caldwell, Luther Allison, Phil Upchurch, and so many others — even the hard - to - please Robert Fripp — universally held Jimi in very high esteem. A modern miracle for these fragmented times. Even Les Paul, the man who created the "other" definitive rock 'n roll guitar of the same name that Jimi rarely ever used, had a lot of nice things to say.

Basically, most anyone who plays the guitar these days has fallen under the shadow of his powerful, on-going presence at one time or another. The gamut runs from copy-cat idolatry to at the very least, grudging admiration. Beyond guitar players however, there is a curious ambivalence that lingers around the contours of the Hendrix myth. Some listeners, more specifically a famous

pioneer rock critic who is now largely forgotten, were initially repelled by the all-encompassing power of his "hipness." Bypassing the new universe of electronic sound montages that blasted out of his stacked Marshall amplifiers, they focussed in on his "stance." The blatant sexual rapport with his instrument, the clothes, and the overall studied casualness which pervaded Jimi's every move. In essence Jimi was just putting himself over with all the know-how acquired during more than a decade's worth of work as a back-up man for people like Little Richard, Curtis Knight, and the Isleys. The problem was that Jimi was so good, so strong, people who should've known better couldn't bring themselves to confront the sheer intensity of his presence. They blanked-out on him, labelling him as a jive artist who played solos with his mouth and humped his guitar, finally tucking him away in safe little category to keep him off their minds.

In the meantime, Jimi clung persistently to the visions and sound constructs colliding around in his brain. Even with the rather large amount of excellent recordings that he left behind, one still has the deep down feeling that he was never completely happy about his studio work. A recurrent theme in interviews with Hendrix is his perpetual frustration at the gap between what he "heard" and what got put down on vinyl. Not too many people realized that his music was essentially supercharged R'nB with a soulful blues feeling weaving in and out of it. They got hung-up with the top; all those brilliantly over-lapping, spacey voice 'n guitar overdubs that admittedly exerted such a pervasive if largely unrecognized influence on the contemporary black & white music that was to follow him. At the time, however, many black thought Jimi was just a wee bit too "psychedelic" for their tastes. His music virtually never graced the playlists of black radio stations.

At this point, that dual-edged, black-white rejection syndrome that plagued Hendrix through his entire career holds a special irony. First because there is a whole school of young Hendrix apostles — running the gamut from Robin Trower (whose well-schooled taste and sensitive touch make him a legit contender) to Frank Marino (whose pallid instant-replay Hendrix moves are as pathetic as only a Canadian acid casualty, burn-out case could be) — busily playing their trade on the concert circuit. It is now abundantly clear that Hendrix is the creator of a whole new discipline on the electric guitar, and although he'll probably never be put in a league with other innovators like Armstrong, Ellington, Parker, Gillespie, and Miles Davis, anybody who's bent a guitar string knows that he deserves the same kind of credit.

On the R&B front, perhaps the keenest irony comes from the fact that Hendrix's most recent recordings, *Crash Landing* and the about-to-be-released *Midnight Lightning* amply demonstrate the sizzling blues and R&B core that was the essence of Jimi's music. Alan Douglas, the

perceptive and ultra hip producer and multi-media innovator, has had access to the "special stash" of Hendrix tapes left behind in a New Jersey warehouse. He got to know Hendrix real well during the period ('69 on) that Jimi was seeking musical solace from the "Experience" hype in a variety of New York recording studios like the Record Plant and Electric Lady.

As usual, Jimi was desperately trying to push his music way beyond the limits imposed by over-zealous fans and friends. Douglas, who had an extensive background producing jazz artists, was there to help encourage Jimi's progressive tendencies. In fact, Hendrix was getting so far out on the border line in terms of melodic concepts, radically shifting time signatures, and unexpected key changes, most of the musicians he was playing with — a little bit of Noel Redding / Mitch Mitchell but mostly Billy Cox and Buddy Miles — found it literally impossible to keep up with him through his extended sorties.

The only one operating on the same "free" level was Larry Young, the gifted jazz keyboard player; their already legendary extended jam is still due to be released. Of course John McLaughlin played with Jimi also, although he claims that he isn't on any of the recently unearthed tapes. Seems upon hearing what everyone assumed was their taped collaboration, McLaughlin said something to the effect of: "...well, that's great but it's not me playing. It's probably Jim McCarty (Detroit Wheels & Cactus)." Jim McCarty?

So what Douglas has been doing is taking the original Hendrix lead and multiple rhythm guitar tracks and adding on a sympathetic rhythm section and occasional backing vocals. Although he is obsessively dedicated to Hendrix's music and has spent thousands of hours in the studio meticulously refining each track — guided by a spiritual attunement to Hendrix's musical consciousness. I am not completely convinced that this latest in the line of "legit" attempts to do Jimi justice is entirely valid. *Crash Landing* definitely had its moments and a contemporary R&B feeling to the overall production, but some of the grafted-on music tended to take something away from the shattering brilliance of Jimi's playing.

Maybe it was too competent, too muted. Judging from the rough mixes on the up-coming *Midnight Lightning* lp, a showcase for Jimi's fluid and daringly inventive blues style, there is a lot of potentially explosive Hendrix material headed our way. His playing is centered but also fearless in its experimental tendencies. The range of sounds and textures, the energy level is absolutely awe-inspiring. Of course I will reserve judgment on the finished product because Alan Douglas still has a heavy responsibility to fulfill as posthumous final arbitrator and architect of the Hendrix sound. As far as Jimi's guitar is concerned however, as always, it's right there in the grooves. □

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SECRET LOVE

(As recorded by Freddy Fender)

PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER
SAMMY FAIN

Nobody knew, not even you
When I first started walking on wings
But how long can a man or woman ever
hope to hide
Love that's locked up inside
Ev'ry story worth the spinning
Must have a beginning.

Once I had a secret love
That lived within the heart of me
All too soon my secret love
Became impatient to be free.

So I told a friendly star
The way that dreamers often do
Just how wonderful you are
And why I'm so in love with you.

Now I shout it from the highest hills
Even told the golden daffodils
At last my heart's an open door
And my secret love's no secret any more.

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ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD

(As recorded by John Fogerty)

J. C. FOGERTY

Hurry up, hurry up here we go
All aboard 'cause we're hittin' the road
Here we go
Rockin' all over the world.

Gitty up, gitty up get away
We're goin' crazy and we're goin' today
Here we go
Rockin' all over the world.

And I like it! I like it!
I like it! I like it!
I la-la like it! la-la-li
Here we go
Rockin' all over the world.

I'm gonna tell your mama what you
gotta do
Just come out tonight with your dancin'
shoes
Here we go
Rockin' all over the world.

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A LOVER'S QUESTION

(As recorded by Loggins & Messina)

BROOK BENTON
JIMMY WILLIAMS

Does she love me with all her heart?
Should I worry when we're apart?
A lover's question I'd like to know
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Does she need me as she pretends?
Is this a game?
Will I win?
A lover's question I'd like to know
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

I'd like to know when she's not with me
Is she still true to me?
I'd like to know when we're kissing
Does she feel just what I feel and how
am I to know it's really real?
Oh, tell me where the answer lies?
In her kiss or in her eyes?
A lover's question I'd like to know
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

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YOU

(As recorded by George Harrison)

GEORGE HARRISON

I, I love, love (and)
I (and I) I love you
Oh you, yeah you.

And when I'm holding you
Ooh what a feeling
Seems so good to be true
That I'm telling you all that I must.

And I, and I, I love oh you, oh you
Yeah you
You, you love, love
And you yes you
You love me
Yeah you, yeah you
I oh I love, love
And I yes I love you
Oh you, yeah you.

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SAILING

(As recorded by Rod Stewart)

GAVIN SUTHERLAND

I am sailing, I am sailing
Home again 'cross the sea
I am sailing stormy waters
To be near you to be free.

I am flying, I am flying
Like a bird 'cross the sky
I am flying passing high clouds
To be with you to be free.

Can you hear me
Can you hear me
Thru the dark night far away
I am dying forever trying
To be with you who can say.

Can you hear me
Can you hear me
Thru the dark night far away
I am dying
Forever trying
To be with you who can say.

We are sailing, we are sailing
Home again 'cross the sea
We are sailing, stormy waters
To be near you to be free.

Oh Lord to be near you to be free
Oh Lord to be near you to be free.

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90046.

I'M ON FIRE

(As recorded by 5000 Volts)

ANTONY EYERS

If you want a sweet, sweet love tonight
Call me and I'll make you feel alright
When you're out and running around
playing games all over town
Turn around, come on down, I'll be
there

Yeah, yeah

If you want some sweet, sweet love
from me

Take a chance with someone new you'll
see

I can make your fire burn with the touch
of just one kiss

Turn you on all night long
You'll be gone, gone, gone.

Honey, now I'm on my way
I'm on fire

Yes, I am, I'm on fire

Honey, now I'm on my way
I'm on fire

I'm on fire, baby

Honey, now I'm on my way
I'm on fire, yes I am my baby

Honey, now I'm on my way
I'm on fire

I'm on fire, baby.

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STAY WITH ME

(As recorded by Edwin Starr)

EDWIN STARR

Stay with me ooo baby.

Finding you for me was a dream come
true

I been searching all my life looking for
someone just like you

Now that I found you girl I'm so satis-
fied

All that I hope and pray is that you stay
by my side.

Stay with me ooo baby.

Loving, caring is all I want to do
Giving, sharing and making your
dreams come true

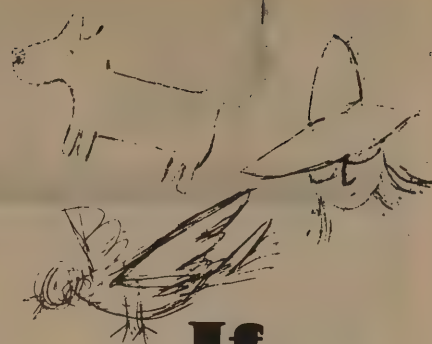
I just wanna be your lover for the rest of
my life

Whatever was wrong before I wanna
be the one to make it right.

Stay with me ooo baby

Stay with me ooo baby.

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a
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LOUISIANA LOU AND THREE CARD MONTY JOHN

(As recorded by The Allman Brothers)

FORREST RICHARD BETTS

Lou'siana Lou, Three Card Monty John
Oh, Lord, what a nat'ral pair
Lookin' for a game of fortune and fame
Waitin' just a little further down the road somewhere.

Now Three Card Monty is a gambling game

Two black aces and a pretty red queen
Keep your eye on the lady and lay your money down

Watch the fastest hand you've ever seen.

Texas Hustlin' Billy

He's on the road again

He was seen in New Orleans the other day

Now, Lou is known as quite a man with a pool cue in his hand

Won't be long till him and John were headed down that way.

Lou'siana Lou, Three Card Monty John
Oh, Lord, what a nat'ral pair
Lookin' for a game of fortune and fame
Waitin' just a little further down the road somewhere.

It was Friday night, Lord, the time was right

Texas Billy finally made his play
The game went on into the night
And just about dawn they were counting

Billy's money - headed for L.A.

Lou'siana Lou, Three Card Monty John
Oh, Lord, what a nat'ral pair
Lookin' for a game of fortune and fame
Waitin' just a little further down the road somewhere.

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THAT'S THE WAY (I Like It)

(As recorded by KC & The Sunshine Band)

H. W. CASEY
R. FINCH

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo

That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) I like it
(uh-huh, uh-huh)

That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) I like it
(uh-huh, uh-huh)

That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) I like it
(uh-huh, uh-huh)

That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) I like it
(uh-huh, uh-huh).

When you take me by the hand
Tell me I'm your lovin' man
When you give me all your love
And do it babe the very best you can oh.

(Repeat chorus)

When I get to be in your arms
When we're all, all alone
When you whisper sweet in my ear
When you turn, turn me on oh.

(Repeat chorus)

Say o.k. (uh-huh)
That's the way uh-huh
That's the way uh-huh
That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) I like it
(uh-huh, uh-huh)
That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) I like it
(uh-huh, uh-huh).

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WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE

(As recorded by Alice Cooper)

ALICE COOPER
DICK WAGNER

Welcome to my nightmare
I think you're gonna like it
I think you're gonna feel you belong
A nocturnal vacation unnecessary sedation
You want to feel at home 'cause you belong
Welcome to my nightmare, woah.

Welcome to my breakdown
I hope I didn't scare you
That's just the way we are when we come down
We sweat and laugh and scream here
'Cause life is just a dream here
You know inside you feel right at home here

Welcome to my breakdown, woah
You're welcome to my nightmare, yeah.

Welcome to my nightmare
I think you're gonna like it
I think you're gonna feel you belong
We sweat and laugh and scream here
'Cause life is just a dream here
You know inside you feel right at home here
Welcome to my nightmare, woah
Welcome to my break down.

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VENUS AND MARS

(As recorded by Wings)

McCartney

Sitting in the stand of the sports arena
Waiting for the show to begin
Red lights, green lights, strawberry
wine
A good friend of mine follows the stars
Venus and Mars are all right tonight.

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ROCK SHOW

(As recorded by Wings)

McCartney

What's that man holding in his hand?
He looks a lot like a guy I knew way
back when
It's silly Willie with the Philly band,
could be, oo-ee.

Tell me, what's that man movin' 'cross
the stage?
It looks a lot like the one used by Jimmy
Page
It's like a relic from a diff'rent age, could
be, oo-ee.

If there's a Rock Show at the
Concertgebouw
They've got long hair at the Madison
Square
You've got Rock and Roll at the
Hollywood Bowl
We'll be there, oh yeah!

The lights go down, they're back in
town o.k.
Behind the stacks you glimpse an axe
The tension mounts, you score an ounce,
ole!
Temp'ratures rise and you see the
whites of their eyes.

If there's a Rock Show at the
Concertgebouw
You've got long hair at the Madison
Square
They got Rock and Roll at the Hollywood
Bowl
We'll be there, oh, yeah!

In my green metal suit, I'm preparing to
shoot up the city
And the ring at the end of my nose
Makes me look rather pretty
It's a pity there's nobody here to witness
the end
Save for my dear old friend and con-
fidante
Mademoiselle Kitty
What's that man movin' to and fro?



That decibel meter doesn't seem to be
reading low
But they was louder at the rainbow,
could be, oo-ee.

If there's a Rock Show at the
Concertgebouw
They've got long hair at the Madison
Square
You got Rock and Roll at the Hollywood
Bowl
We'll be there, oh, yeah!

If there's a Rock Show at the
Concertgebouw
They've got long hair at the Madison
Square
You got Rock and Roll at the Hollywood
Bowl
If there's a Rock Show at the
Concertgebouw
They've got long hair at the Madison
Square
You got Rock and Roll at the Hollywood
Bowl

If there's a Rock Show at the
Concertgebouw
They've got long hair at the Madison
Square
You got Rock and Roll at the Hollywood
Bowl
If there's a Rock Show at the
Concertgebouw
They've got long hair at the Madison
Square
You got Rock Show.

Who's that there?
Oh, it's you babe
Come on now, we're goin' down to the
Rock Show
Remember last week when I promised
I was gonna buy a good seat at the Rock
Show
Now get your dress on, place your wig
on straight
We can't be late, come on, we've got a
date
We're goin' down to the Rock Show.

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(As recorded by Gladys Knight & The
Pips)

DAVID GATES

I need somebody who's consistent with
me
Someone already there when I need
company
'Cause when I'm feelin' low
I don't wanna have to go out looking for
a part-time kind of love.

And when the dreams of rain bugs start
to disappear
Don't want somebody up and runnin'
out a here
'Cause when you stop and start
Baby it's a just too hard upon my heart
That part-time kind-a love.

And I can't take you, darlin', livin' here
Wait and see
I want somebody who's committed now
to me
Somewhere, some day you'll have to
take a chance
So if you like the music, baby, get up
and dance.

And if we grow together, daring to
dream
I know we'll find our share of peaches
and cream
And when the juices flow, I don't want
no, no, no excuses
Just want your full-time love for me
Just want your full-time love for me.

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ISLAND GIRL

(As recorded by Elton John)

ELTON JOHN
BERNIE TAUPIN

I see your teeth flash
Jamaican honey so sweet
Down where Lexington cross forty
seventh street
Oh, she's a big girl, she's standing six
foot three
Turning tricks for the dudes in the big
city.

Island girl what you wantin' wid de
white man's world
Island girl black boy want you in his
island world
He want to take you from de racket boss
He want to save you but de cause is lost
Island girl, island girl, island girl
Tell me what you wantin' wid de white
man's world.

She's black as coal, but she burn like a
fire
And she wrap herself around you like a
well worn tire
You feel her nail scratch your back just
like a rake
Oh he one more gone he one more john
who make de mistake.

Island girl what you wantin' wid de
white man's world
Island girl black boy want you in his
island world
He want to take you from de racket boss
He want to save you but de cause is lost
Island girl, island girl, island girl
Tell me what you wantin' wid de white
man's world.

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MY LITTLE TOWN

(As recorded by Simon and Garfunkel)

PAUL SIMON

In my little town
I grew up believing
God keeps his eye on us all
And he used to lean upon me
As I pledged allegiance to the wall
Lord I recall my little town
Coming home after school
Riding my bike passed the gates of the
factories

My mom doing the laundry
Hanging out shirts in the dirty breeze
And after it rains there's a rainbow
And all of the colors are black
It's not that the colors aren't there
It's just imagination they lack

Everything's the same back in my little
town.

Nothing but the dead and dying back in
my little town

Nothing but the dead and dying back in
my little town.

In my little town I never meant nothing
I was just my father's son
Saving my money
Dreaming of glory
Twitching like a finger on a trigger of a
gun.

Nothing but the dead and dying back in
my little town

Nothing but the dead and dying back in
my little town

Nothing but the dead and dying back in
my little town.

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OUR DAY WILL COME

(As recorded by Frankie Valli)

BOB HILLIARD
MORT GARSON

Our day will come and we'll have
ev'rything
We'll share the joy falling in love can
bring
No one can tell me that I'm too young to
know
I love you so and you love me
Our day will come if we just wait a
while
No tears for us, think love and wear a
smile
Our dreams have magic because we'll
always stay in love this way
Our day will come.

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I TAKE IT ON HOME

(As recorded by Bobby Bland)

KENNY O'DELL

Sometimes at the end of the day
Before I head home
I make a stop along the way
Have a couple of drinks
Wait for the five o'clock rush to go by
And almost always there's a lady
Oh and it's so hard
When she starts coming on
But I back it on up, turn it around
And take it on home.

Sometimes I've got to go out of town
I'll be gone for a couple of days
And this buddy of mine
He's a hound in the first degree
And almost always there's the ladies
And it ain't easy
When you're out and alone
But I back it on up, turn it around
And take it on home.

I take it on home to the woman who
sticks by me
'Cause I believe she'd do the same if she
was me
And I wouldn't know where to turn to if
she was gone
So when I ain't working
I don't hang out
I take it on home
I pack it on up, turn it around
And take it on home.

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IT'S SO HARD TO SAY GOODBYE TO YESTERDAY

(As recorded by G.C. Cameron)

FREDDIE PERREN
CHRISTINE YARIAN

How do I say goodbye to what we had
The good times that made us laugh out-
weighed the bad
I thought we'd get to see forever
But forever has blown away
It's so hard to say goodbye to yesterday.
I don't know where this road is gonna
lead to
All I know is where we've been and
what we've been through
If it gets me to tomorrow
I hope it's worth all the pain
It's so hard to say goodbye to yesterday.
And I'll take with me the memories
To be my sunshine after the rain
It's so hard to say goodbye to yesterday.

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CALYPSO

(As recorded by John Denver)

JOHN DENVER

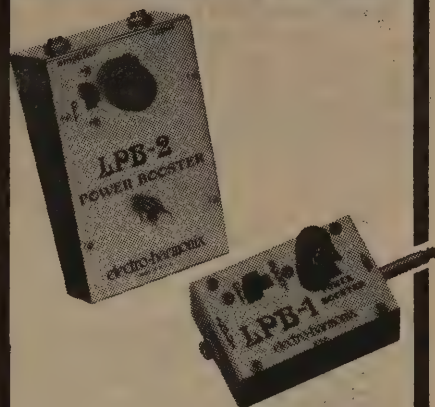
We sail on a dream on a crystal clear
ocean
We ride on the crest of the wild raging
storm
To work in the service of life and the liv-
ing
In search of the answers to questions
unknown
To be part of the movement and part of
the growing
Part of beginning to understand.

Aye Calypso the places you've been to
The things that you've shown us
The stories you tell
Aye Calypso I sing to your spirit
The men who have served you so long
and so well
Aye, ay-ee, e
Oh, oh ee, de, de
Oh, oh deee, de de de de de
Aye, ay de-e, de.

Like the dolphins who guide you
Who bring us beside you
To light up the darkness and show us
the way
For though we are strangers in your
silent world
To live on the land we can learn from
the sea
To be true as the tide and free as a wind
Swell joyful and loving in letting it be.

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I LOVE MUSIC

(As recorded by O'Jays)

**K. GAMBLE
L. HUFF**

I love music any kind o' music
I love music just as long as it's groovin'
Makes me laugh, makes me smile
All the while whenever I'm with you
While we dance make romance
I'm enchanted by the things that you do.

I love music sweet, sweet music
Long as it's swinging, all the joy that it's bringing
I'm so happy to be in complete harmony
I love you girl

As I hold you so close in my arms
I'm so glad that you're mine.
Nothin' can be better than a sweet love song
(Music makes the atmosphere so fine)
When you got the girl that you love in your arms
(Especially when you got a cold glass of wine).
Music is the healing forces of the world
It's good for ev'ry man, woman, boy an' girl.

I love, I love, I love, I love, I love music
I love, I love, I love, I love, I love music
I love, I love, I love, I love, I love music
I love music.

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FULL OF FIRE

(As recorded by Al Green)

**WILLIE MITCHELL
AL GREEN
MABON HODGES**

I'm full of fire, full of fire, full of fire
You're my one desire
Baby I'm full of fire, full of fire, full of fire
You can't make me cry
I can dance to the music
I can sing all night long
I can play with the band until you hear my song
'Cause I'm full of fire, full of fire, full of fire
You see the party lights
Baby I'm full of fire, full of fire, full of fire

Is there a reason why
I can dance with the fire burning
Burning love
I can stay til the party is all over.

Hey I'm full of fire, full of fire, full of fire
And I'm over twenty one
Baby I'm full of fire, full of fire, full of fire

My life has just begun
I can dance to the music
Now I can under, understand
That there must be an awful power but it's holding my hand
Dance, dance, dance
Oh I understand young man
I say dance, dance, dance, dance, dance
Hey hey I understand
There's some things I know
But I want to hear the horn blow
Hey hey let's dance
Baby I know.

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NO REBATE ON LOVE

(As recorded by Dramatics)

**J. ABSTON
S. PETTY**

There's no rebate on love
No, no, no, no, no
There's no rebate on love
Give me love I'll give you love in return
Girl there's no rebate on love
Give me love I'll give you love in return girl.
Let it be nat'rally
Let your love flow sweet and freely
Show me your feelin's girl I'll show you mine
We'll work as a team to build up the steam.

Well baby, baby we don't have to make no special deals with each other
Just be for real
Show what we feel for each other baby.

There's no rebate on love
No, no, no, no, no
There's no rebate on love
Give me love I'll give you love in return
Girl there's no rebate on love
Give me love I'll give you love in return girl.

Love me completely
'Cause when I love, I love deeply
There's only one price for you to pay and girl that price is for your love to stay.

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SUPER BAD, SUPER SLICK

(As recorded by James Brown)

JAMES BROWN

Watch me
I told you once
Hey, yeah, yeah, yeah
I got something that makes me wanna shout
And I got that thing tell me what it's all about
Built-in vibes
Done my due, my thing
I don't need nobody else
Feels so good
(Good God)
That I jump back, hey
Can I kiss myself yeah
I got soul and I'm super bad
Slick I got soul
And I'm super bad.

Sometimes I feel like I ain't got no back
in my bone

Sometimes I feel like my woman ought-
a leave me alone
Hug and kiss my woman
Gonna twist my hip yeah
When I do the hustle until my backbone
flip

You know what I had
I got soul and I'm super bad.
Up and down, all around
Right on people let it all hang out
Like Garbos
Then ya' know what it's all about
Chicanos
When ya, when ya
Wait a minute.

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OPERATOR

(As recorded by The Manhattan
Transfer)

WILLIAM SPIVERY

Operator, give me information
Information, give me long distance
Long distance, give me heaven.
Oh, operator, information, give me
Jesus on the line, on the line
Operator, information, I'd like to speak
to a friend of mine
Oh, prayer is the number, faith is the ex-
change, heaven is the street and Jesus is
his name
Oh, operator, information, please give
me Jesus on the line, on the line.
Operator, information, tell me why,
why yeah
Operator, information don't try to tell
me what number to call
Oh, my mother used this number when I
was very small
And ev'ry time she dialed it, she always
got a call
Oh, operator, information, please give
me Jesus on the line.
Operator, information, please hurry if
you can
Operator, information, please connect
me with the man
Oh, don't worry 'bout the money, I will
pay the charge
Just get me upon this line, I'm callin'
from my heart
Operator, information, please give me
Jesus on the line.
Please give me Jesus on the line
Please give me Jesus on the line
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

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DRIVE MY CAR

(As recorded by Gary Tom's Empire)

**JOHN LENNON
PAUL McCARTNEY**

Asked a girl what she wanted to be
She said, baby, can't you see
I wanna be famous, a star of the screen
But you can do something in between.
Baby, you can drive my car
Yes, I'm gonna be a star
Baby, you can drive my car
And maybe I'll love you.
I told that girl that my prospects were
good
She said, baby, it's understood
Working for peanuts is all very fine
But I can show you a better time.
Baby, you can drive my car
Yes, I'm gonna be a star
Baby, you can drive my car
And maybe I'll love you
Beep beep mm beep beep, yeah.
Baby, you can drive my car
Yes, I'm gonna be a star
Baby, you can drive my car
And maybe I'll love you.
I told that girl I could start right away
She said, baby, I've got something to
say
I got no car, and it's breaking my heart
But I've found a driver, that's a start.
Baby, you can drive my car
Yes, I'm gonna be a star
Baby, you can drive my car
And maybe I'll love you
Beep beep mm beep beep yeah.

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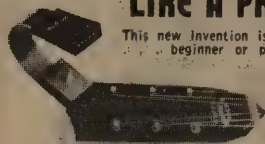
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From The Original Soundtrack of a Berry Gordy Film "Mahogany" (Do You Know Where You're Going To?)

(As recorded by Diana Ross)

**GERRY GOFFIN
MIKE MASSER**

Do you know where you're going to?
Do you like the things that life is showing you?
Where are you going to, do you know?

Do you get what you're hoping for?
When you look behind you there's no open door
What are you hoping for, do you know?

Once we were standing still in time
Chasing the fantasies that filled our minds
And you knew how I loved you but my spirit was free
Laughing at the questions that you once asked of me.

Do you know where you're going to?
Do you like the things that life is showing you?
Where are you going to, do you know?

Now looking back at all we planned
We let so many dreams just slip through our hands
Why must we wait so long before we see
How sad the answers to those questions can be?

Do you know where you're going to?
Do you like the things that life is showing you?
Where are you going to, do you know?

Do you get what you're hoping for?
When you look behind you there's no open door
What are you hoping for, do you know?

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SKYBIRD

(As recorded by Tony Orlando & Dawn)

**CAROLE BAYER SAGER
BRUCE ROBERTS**

Skybird, my bird, we fly so high
And then you touch me warm and fly again
And leave me let down, earth-bound
Left standing on the ground
Looking through the clouds
For a trace of you.

Heaven, have you seen a sign of Skybird?
She's somewhere flying in your blue
You've got all the stars
So why'd you take my bird?
Oh, send her home
I'll make her heaven too.

So close, almost, each time we're half way there
That's when you try to run away, girl
And so you go riding on angels' wings
Leaving all the love we shared behind you.

Heaven, have you seen a sign of Skybird?
She's somewhere flying in your blue
You've got all the stars
So why'd you take my bird?
Oh, send her home
I'll make her heaven too.

One day, maybe, you'll come to rest a while
And I can be the nest you fly back home to
Till then again I'll watch you come and go
Feeling lost until the day I found you.

Heaven, have you seen a sign of Skybird?
She's somewhere flying in your blue
You've got all the stars
So why'd you take my bird?
Oh, send her home
I'll make her heaven too.

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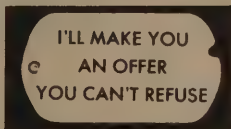
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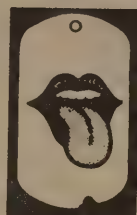
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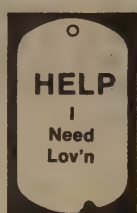
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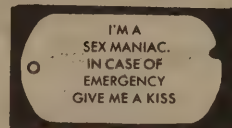
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NIGHTS ON BROADWAY

(As recorded by Bee Gees)

BARRY GIBB
ROBIN GIBB
MAURICE GIBB

Here we are, in a room full of strangers
Standing in the dark
Where your eyes couldn't see me
Well I have to follow you
Though you did not want me to
But that won't stop my lovin' you
I can't stay away.

Blamin' it all on the nights on Broadway
Singin' them love songs
Singin' them straight to the heart songs
Blamin' it all on the nights on Broadway
Singin' them sweet sounds
To that crazy, crazy town.

Now in my place, there are so many others
Standing in the line
How long will they stand between us
Well I have to follow you
Though you did not want me to
But that won't stop my lovin' you
I can't stay away.

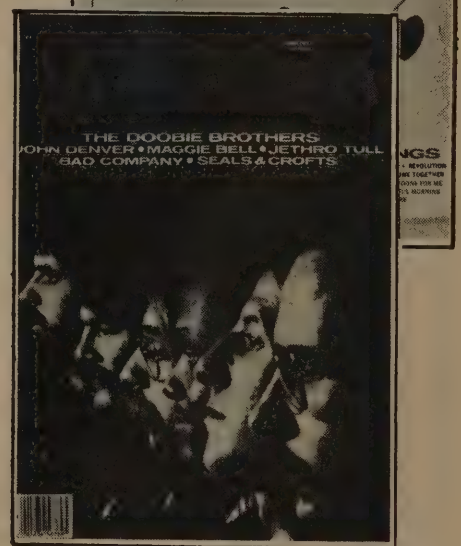
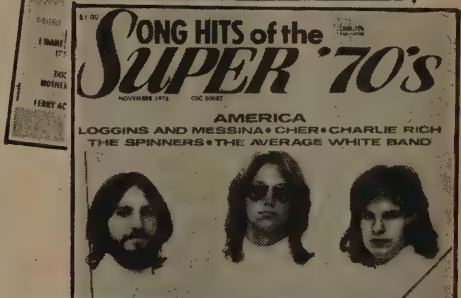
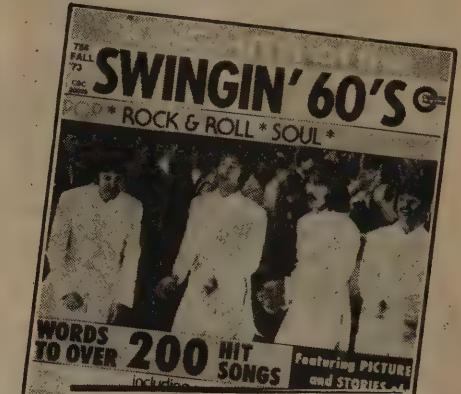
Blamin' it all on the nights on Broadway
Singin' them love songs
Singin' them straight to the heart songs
Blamin' it all on the nights on Broadway
Singin' them sweet sounds
To that crazy, crazy town.

I will wait
Even if it takes forever
I will wait
Even if it takes a lifetime
Somehow I feel inside
You never ever left my side
Make it like it was before
Even if it takes a lifetime, takes a lifetime.

Blamin' it all on the nights on Broadway
Singin' them love songs
Singin' them straight to the heart songs
Blamin' it all on the nights on Broadway
Singin' them sweet sounds
To that crazy, crazy town.

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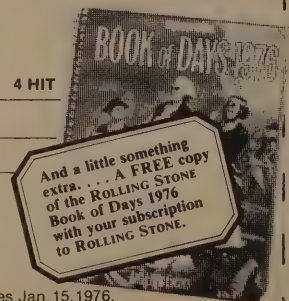
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FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

(As recorded by Marshall Tucker Band)

GEORGE McCORKLE

Took my fam'ly away from our Carolina home
Had dreams about the west and started to roam
Six long months on a dust covered trail
They say heaven's at the end
But so far it's been hell.

And there's fire on the mountain
Lightening in the air
Gold in them hills and it's waiting for me there.

We were digging and shifting from five to five
Selling ev'rything we found just to stay alive
Gold flowed free like the whiskey in the bars
Sinning was the big thing Lord
And satan was the star.

And there's fire on the mountain
Lightening in the air

Gold in them hills and it's waiting for me there.

Dance hall girls were the evening treat
Empty cartridges and blood lined the gutters of the street
Men were shot down for the sake of fun
Or just to hear the noise of their 44 guns.

And there's fire on the mountain
Lightening in the air
Gold in them hills and it's waiting for me there.

Now my widow, she weeps by my grave
Tears flow free for her man she couldn't save
Shot down in cold blood by a gun that carried fame
All for a useless and no good worthless claim.

And there's fire on the mountain
Lightening in the air
Gold in them hills and it's waiting for me there.

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FANCY LADY

(As recorded by Billy Preston)

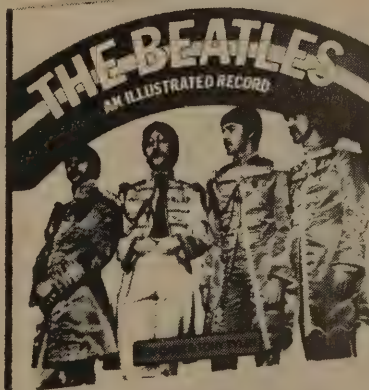
BILLY PRESTON
SYREETA WRIGHT

Fancy lady is masquerading with a heart that nobody can see
Time is wastin' there is no escapin'
How long will your sweet pleasure be
Fancy lady you are just a stranger to all the lovers you don't get to know
You try hiding all the broken traces of the one love you had to let go.
I got love, sample my wares
I got love, try if you dare
I got love, sample my wares
You got plenty love inside.

Fancy lady where are all the children who were born to you so sweet and true
Will you give them all your sad paradin'
Have them doin' the same things you do
The great creator he's the liberator
He always gives a helpin' hand
Fancy lady time's no waiter
Find yourself while you still have a chance.

I got love, sample my wares
I got love, try if you dare
I got love, sample my wares
You got plenty love inside.

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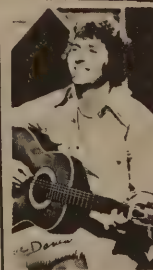
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KEEP ON TRYIN'

(As recorded by Poco)

TIMOTHY B. SCHMIT

I've been thinkin' 'bout all the times you
told me
You're so full of doubt
You just can't let it be
But I know if you keep on comin' back
for more
A-keep on tryin', a-keep on tryin'.

And I've been drinkin' now just a little
too much
And I don't know how I can get in touch
with you
Now there's only one thing for me to do
Is to keep on tryin' to get home to you.

And I feel so satisfied
When I can see you smile
I, I want to confide in all that is true
So I keep on tryin'
I'm thru with lyin'
Just like the sun above I'll come shinin'
thru
Oh yes I'll keep on tryin'
I'm tired of cryin'
I got to find the way to get on home to
you.

I've been thinkin' 'bout all the times you
held me
I never heard you shout
The flow of energy was so fine
Now I think I'll lay it on the line
And keep on tryin' to get home to you.

And I feel so satisfied
When I can see you smile
I, I want to confide in all that is true
So I keep on tryin'
I'm thru with lyin'
Just like the sun above I'll come shinin'
thru
Yes I will
Oh yes I'll keep on tryin'
I'm tired of cryin'
I got to find the way to get on home to
you.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

(As recorded by Bay City Rollers)

BILL MARTIN
PHIL COULTER

SATURDAY night SATURDAY
night

Gonna keep on dancing to the rock and
roll

On Saturday night, Saturday night
Dancing to the rhythm of the heart and
soul

On Saturday night, Saturday night
I-I-I-I just can't wait
I-I-I got a date

At the good ol' rock and roll road show
Gotta go Saturday night, Saturday
night

Gonna rock it up, roll it up
Do it all, have a ball
Saturday night, Saturday night
S-S-S-Saturday night, S-S-S-Saturday
night
S-S-S-Saturday night.

SATURDAY night
SATURDAY night
SATURDAY night.

Gonna dance with my baby till the
night is through
On Saturday night, Saturday night
Tell her all the little things I'm gonna do
On Saturday night, Saturday night
I-I-I-I love her so, I-I-I-I gonna let her
know.

At the good ol' rock and roll road show
Gotta go Saturday night, Saturday
night
Gonna rock it up, roll it up
Do it all, have a ball
Saturday night, Saturday night
S-S-S-Saturday night, S-S-S-Saturday
night
S-S-S-Saturday night.

SATURDAY night
SATURDAY night.

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LOVE MACHINE

(As recorded by Miracles)

PETE MOORE
BILLY GRIFFIN

I'm just a love machine
And I won't work for nobody but you
(yeah, baby)

I'm just a love machine
A huggin', kissin' fiend
I think it's high time you knew
whenever I think of you
My mind blows a fuse
When I look in your eyes my meter starts
to rise

And I become confused
My voltage regulator coos
When I'm sitting next to you
Electricity starts to flow
And my indicator starts to glow ooh.

(I-I) I'm just a love machine
And I won't work for nobody but you
I'm just a love machine
A huggin' kissin' fiend
La la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la la

(I-I) I'm just a love machine and I won't
work for nobody but you
I'm just a love machine
A huggin' kissin' fiend.

I'm gentle as a lamb
I'm not that hard to program
There's no way that you can lose
My chassis fits like a glove
I've got a button for love that you have
got to use
If you look into my file
I am sure you can find out how to turn
me on
Just set my dial
And let me love you for a little while,
ooh.

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ROXY MUSIC

(continued from page 29)

ting into that. If that's the way they want to see me, I'm prepared to do that. But when it comes to doing a Roxy tour, I'm doing it for a much more advanced audience, and I can do what I want."

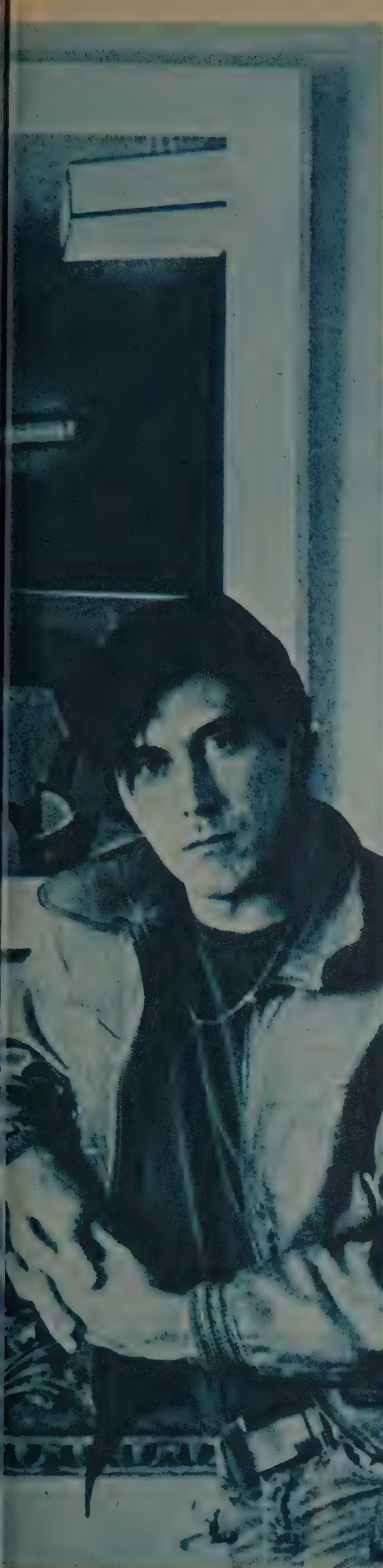
Is it within a rock and roll context? "Of course it is, because there's a beat in the music. But what is a rock and roll context? It can be anything you want it to be ... And those kids in Cleveland really like what I do, so there's still hope." Are you doing what you always wanted to do?

"Yes, I think so. And I find that I have freedom all the time to do what I want and to change. Any constrictions that I feel are self-made, so they can be self-destroyed, or broken down, and changed."

"The only problem is if the audience can't change, and expects to see the same thing. If they have to stick to the same image, and don't understand what I'm trying to do ... well, they have to change with me. I feel I'm changing all the time, I have a very catholic, wide taste ... and so on an album, I can do alot of different things. I'm quite happy doing what I am, quite happy feeling what I'm doing is me." □



Bryan in front of a nostalgia piece — Richard Bernstein's Max's backroom poster.



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H.P. INTERVIEW

(continued from page 33)

and I had gotten the part right at the beginning of "Godspell", they thought of me as an actor. This was for "That'll Be the Day", and I signed to do that and the next one, "Stardust". And then in between, it actually happened in real life ... And it was strange, because a lot of the plot was like my life, I couldn't believe it. I used to work in a fairgrounds, you know, and of course I used to do the one night stands with the bands.

It was really peculiar, because it wasn't written from my life story, but it was all like there ... When I read "That'll Be the Day" I wanted to do that film because I could identify with that character, but "Stardust" I had to do. I think it was a valid film to make, but I didn't enjoy making it. I would watch "That'll Be the Day" tomorrow and enjoy it, but I couldn't do with "Stardust" I only ever saw it once and couldn't again. It would just make me feel sick. It's not really because of me, either. It's because I felt so sympathetic towards the character ... It's a really strange carry-on, because no one involved wants it to happen, yet it does to so many stars ... I mean journalists, singers, managers, none of them want disaster to happen, yet it's like hatching a monster ... I wouldn't do another rock film.

HP: What do you think about all those rockstars being in films now?

David: I think it's a really good idea. There are several reasons why actually that this is happening, obviously a lot of people will go to see films like that. "Stardust" actually paid for the government to finance all the films in this country; they have a thing called the British Film Finance Board which is government sponsored organization that helps British films to get made. They gave us a certain amount of money in the beginning and all their profits came from "Stardust", they got thousands and thousands of pounds back to actually put back in to British films. So on a notice level it's good to get rockstars in films, but on an actual producer's level, it's to make a lot of money ... I was supposed to be in "Tommy", I was supposed to be the "Pinball Wizard" but Columbia gave me the elbow and put Elton John in because it would

make more money.

HP: Are you glad now that you didn't do it?

David: Well I wanted to do it at the time, but after it came out I was really glad I didn't! But also, good rock actors are instinctive performers and good actors anyway. Most actors are really boring, I grew up with actors and they're a bit self-indulgent and egotistical. Rockstars are too, but they're usually more exciting people. So there's every reason to put them in films. Putting a young feeling into films is a good thing.

HP: You mentioned that you were going to do some more films, do you know anything about them yet?

David: Yes, one is about a highwayman ... like Robin Hood, horses and guns and robbing the rich to give to the poor, swashbuckler .. Jumping off the backs of wagons and running off with wenches ... (laughs) ... like Tom Jones. No singing ... The other one is one that I actually prefer, and that's a story to take place in Hong Kong in the forties, it's a love story with me and a Chinese girl.

HP: Are you looking forward to all this acting, no singing..

David: Well - I'm looking forward to the love story, I'm not sure about the other one...

HP: Oh, it sounds like it would be fun ... costumes...

David: Yeah, it's that kind of film. Very extroverted. Because that "Stardust" thing was so introverted. Inner struggles and complexes, terrible to do.

HP: What are all those blue things I've noticed the girls carrying here with your name on them...

David: Oh, scarves...

HP: Do you sell them?, I mean...



"I'm becoming credible....," David laughed.

David: (Laughs) No, of course I don't sell them ... I don't go out with a barrow ... No .. someone makes them up and sells them..

HP: Well, all those girls with those scarves and sox — I mean that's very sweet and all, but I think the youth of America is a bit more jaded, they're past that now. I think you'll find people would take you more seriously because of a film like "Stardust"..

David: Well, they're not all like that. I mean the ones that are down there screaming already, they're the more hysterical element..

HP: Well also, this is the provinces, isn't it? I mean this doesn't happen in London, does it?

David: Yes, it's the same for me. Exactly the same, in fact London is more crazy in a way. Because coming from London, and everyone knows I'm a Londoner ... I sing with a London accent, and I'm not interested in other places really, I'm just a London boy .. So back home when I do Hammersmith, or Kilburn or the East End, it's incredible .. We were just talking yesterday about Manchester, where we had to stop the show and they carried seventy people out, and we had to stop and start again, and it was horrible. And we were recording live, it's all on the tape..!

HP: Do you miss playing instruments at all? I know you pick the guitar up onstage every now and then, but...

David: I do a bit, yeah. I really enjoy the drums. I played a bit on this latest album, but you can't really do much when you're on the drums ... you can't move around, you can't even use your hands ... all you can do is move your head!

HP: What are your plans for the next few months?

David: Well, after this tour I'll go to America, and then we're doing a week in Paris at the Palais des Sports, and then it's Christmas and I don't do anything Christmas. Then I'll probably start work on the new album and sort out one of these two films ... Hopefully do it, if it's going to be done, in February or March. I've now committed myself to produce some other people's albums ... it's a matter of fitting it all in.

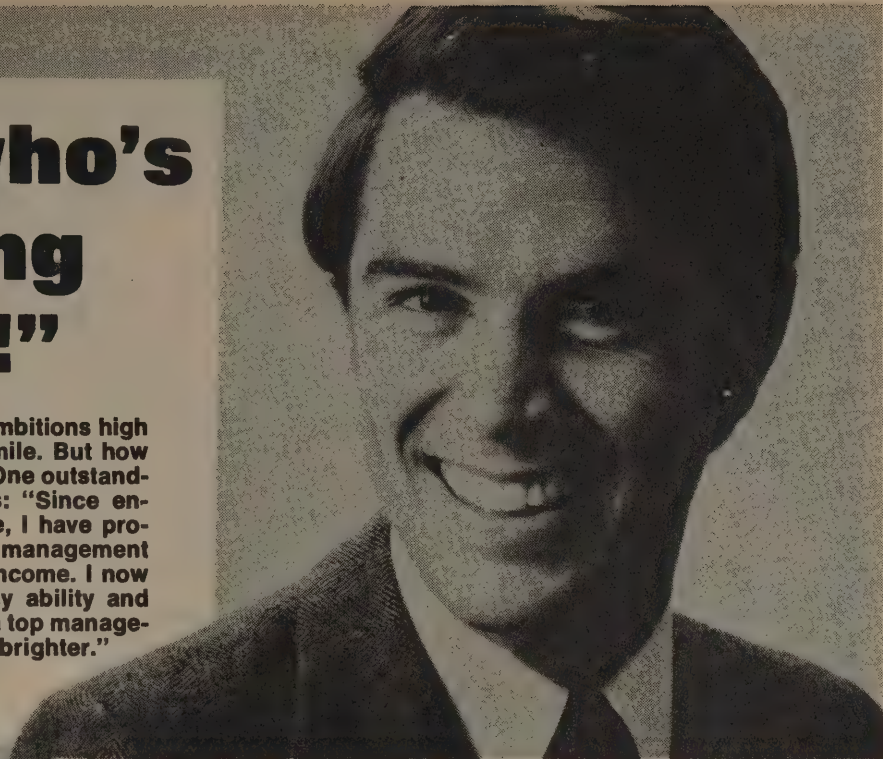
HP: So you know what you're going to be doing for about the next year...

David: Yes. If America goes crackers I don't know what I'll do. I'll have to get another person to fill in ... Do an Andy Warhol...□



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LUNCH WITH IAN ANDERSON

It was more of a social lunch than an interview, as Ian Anderson had only planned to only do radio interviews the week "Minstrel in the Gallery" was released. But we chatted over clams casino and shrimp cocktail at New York's Rumpelmayer's Restaurant: "I was supposed to do a radio interview yesterday," Ian told me, "but they said they were too busy with the Patty Hearst news. So I said, 'well, let me see if I can get myself arrested and then call you back...'"

We talked of the media and the United States: "Listen," he laughed, "some advertising agency is right now trying to think of

a way to get Patty Hearst to do a vaginal spray deodorant ad, I'd bet on it. Things are much more subtle in England. There's a Benson and Hedges ad that is really a sendup ... very funny, and clever. Here everything is taken so *seriously*."

Moving on to the subject of the Bay City Rollers who were about to descend on America, Ian said, "well - they're almost as old as I am, aren't they?? But not as old as Jagger," he added with a twinkle in his eye ... "Actually, he amazes me. I saw him backstage at Madison Square Garden when he came to shake my hand, and he looked like some twenty-two year old fan."

"The thing with the Rollers is that they were put together without any concern as to whether or not they could play, and they're under such pressure to be popstars for that audience, they'll never be able to develop musically. To be trapped in that sort of phenomenon thing, it's impossible to grow, and it's sort of sad. It's like hosting some kiddie's show every morning and then having to go out and get drunk in the afternoon ... or having a thing with an African queen....

Ian had quite a few thoughts on the press; claiming that the English press in particular was unfair, trapping stars it used to support into boldface type arguments. When I mentioned that perhaps he took it too seriously, adding that Jagger always said it didn't matter what they said about you on page 96, as long as your picture is on the front page, Ian retorted, "But it does matter what they say on page 96. It matters very much. And he's wrong, Jagger, if he thinks otherwise. Because every time they put his picture on the front page they're exploiting him ... they're using him. I'm very interested in Jagger and what he thinks, because when I was still in short pants I remember Mick Jagger. I wonder what he thinks his position is in this business ... in music, and how he must have to re-think what he will do musically and onstage in the next few years. Because he won't have the stamina when he's fifty to leap around the way he does."

"But as far as people talking about aging rock stars" Ian continued, "they shouldn't ask Jagger, or Peter Townshend, or me about that. They should ask Frank Sinatra — because he's the one who can't stop. He really is too old for that kind of performing, yet he has to do it. Get out there every single night ...

even when he knows he's bad, and he knows it more than anyone else when he has a bad night or if he's short of breath. His audience probably knows it too, but that's not what matters. He's retired twice .. but there's really nothing else to do. You just can't sit around in your hotel room. I'd bet anything that Jagger will still be performing when he's fifty, and I'm sure I will too. Most people in rock and roll don't have that many other options anyway.."

"With Jethro Tull we've tried to explore other musical forms, be more innovative and experimental. But groups like the Stones or Zeppelin, who have locked themselves into musical straitjackets ... well, I wonder what they'll be doing twenty years from now. And even though I wouldn't want to be making that kind of music, they are two of my favorites for that kind of musical thing. No matter how much Zeppelin says they do diverse forms, I know that I want, and I'm sure their audience wants, to hear them do heavy riffs."

"Even Elton has attempted to appeal to a broader audience, so he's not locked into one particular thing."

Jethro Tull did a short tour this autumn to catch cities they missed the last time around; but Ian promised they'd be back in the summer for some large, festival type shows, "as well as some smaller - 2000 seat halls. I've heard all about this Bicentennial thing," Ian said, "but I really don't see what that has to do with rock and roll groups - aside from it being a good money making gimmick. All it means to me is that there'll be more firecrackers at the concerts and lots more of those frisbees with stars and stripes all over them..." □ Lisa Robinson



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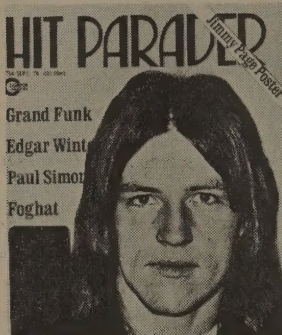
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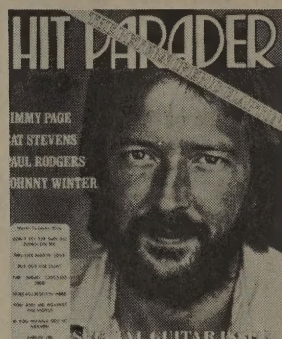
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Please rush me the complete set of 10 full-color, iron-on transfers.
I have enclosed:

- ☐ \$1.00 for one complete set of 10 iron-on transfers.
☐ \$2.00 for two complete sets of iron-on transfers. (20 Transfers in all)

LIMIT 2 PER PERSON

PRINT NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SUPER VALUES, Dept. TG-107
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